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Preface

HON. CLARK B. COCHRANE.

MEMORIAL

OF

CLARK B. COCHRANE.

ALBANY:
JOEL MUNSELL.
1867.

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Memorial of Clark B. Cochrane.

MEMOIR.

Clark Betton Cochrane was of Irish-Scotch descent, and was born on the 31st of May, 1815, in the picturesque, hilly town of New Boston, state of New Hampshire, his ancestors being among the earliest settlers of the town. He was the son of John Cochrane, and was one of a family of three brothers and five sisters. His father resided on the northern slope of Joe English, a hill of considerable elevation in the southern part of the town, deriving its name from an Indian frequenting it in early times and noted for his friendship toward the English settlers in the vicinity. The youth of Clark B. was passed in labor upon his father's farm, and in attendance at "the little red school-house in Captain Lamson's district," near the base of Joe English. He also taught school himself in his native town, in his early years, and even at that period, was known and esteemed for his kindness and devotedness to the welfare of others. It is mentioned by the writer of a letter to a friend, on the subject of his own youth, that prominent among those who inspired him to make the attempt of fitting for college, by his kind words and worthy example, was Clark B. Cochrane.

In 1832, he commenced his preparatory studies for college at Atkinson academy, under John Kelly, and completed them at Francestown academy, under B. F.

Wallace, and at Nashua under Mr. Crosby, having read Latin, one or two terms, with Edward Buxton. In 1835, he entered Union college and graduated thence in 1839, during which period he taught a winter district school in Galway, county of Saratoga. In 1841, he was admitted to the bar, and commenced the practice of the law at Amsterdam in this state. There he remained ten years. He then, in 1851, removed to Schenectady where he formed a copartnership with the Hon. Platt Potter. In 1855, he came to Albany, where he entered the law firm of John H. Reynolds and Hamilton Harris. Here he resided until his death.

In 1841, he represented Montgomery county in the Assembly of his adopted state, and in 1856, he was elected a member of the House of Representatives in the Congress of the United States, representing the counties of Schenectady, Schoharie, Montgomery and Fulton; and so favorable was the impression he created among his constituents of his ability that in 1858, he was reelected from the same Congressional district.

In 1839, Mr. Cochrane was married to Miss Rebecca Wheeler, of Galway, Saratoga county, and had one daughter, Mary Frances, now the wife of S. Edward Stimson, of Albany.

In 1863, Mr. Cochrane received an invitation from his old friends and townsmen of New Boston, to deliver an address before them on the 4th of July of that year, the occasion being the celebration of the one hundredth anniversary of the incorporation of his native town. He regarded it as an honor and a privilege to officiate as the orator of so interesting an epoch to him and them. And well did he acquit himself on the occasion, rising—as, indeed, was ever his custom—to the level of the theme, justifying the loving choice of his townsmen and meeting fully their warmest anticipations. To this address he

brought, as was expressed by the president of the day, "the energies of a vigorous intellect and the ardor of an affectionate heart," testifying in his presence and mental power, that "the race of New Boston had deteriorated neither in stature of body, nor in breadth and vigor of intellect." "And," says the narrator of the proceedings, "he was listened to for nearly two hours with intense satisfaction."

In 1866, Mr. Cochrane was elected from the City Assembly District of Albany county, to the Legislature of the state, notwithstanding the district was Democratic politically, while he was a prominent member of the opposite, or Republican party. This election was owing to the standing and popularity of Mr. Cochrane among his fellow citizens, and his conceded fitness for the station, which station he honored throughout with rare ability and unblemished integrity, vindicating the high opinion of, and the confidence reposed in him by his townsmen in his industry, business aptitude and fervid eloquence, and in the zeal with which he embarked in all things pertaining to the prosperity and general interests of the city, as well as those of the state at large. He was at once appointed to the most responsible and honorable post, next to the speakership, in the House — that of Chairman of the Committee of Ways and Means.

His previous congressional career was likewise distinguished by unquestioned probity, and by his eloquence in the many debates in which he participated, therein proving himself second to none of the other representatives of the Empire State.

If he was marked as a Statesman, he was also eminent as a Jurist. Not only was he versed in the learning of the law, but as an advocate he was noted for the warmth and vigor of his eloquence before a jury as well as the enthusiasm with which he threw himself into the cause of his

client, making emphatically that cause his own. His keen gray eye would flash and his rich voice deepen in the interest he felt in the progress and varying phases of the trial on hand. If he was instinct with life and ardor before judge and jury, in the thoughtful quiet of his study he was no less assiduous in preparing his points and briefs with careful, logical precision under a process of laborious investigation.

His style of oratory was quite impassioned, alive with action, while his language was apt in expression and vivified with bursts of feeling and fancy. His voice was soft, deep and musical—an instrument well fitted to express his rapid thoughts and ardent emotions.

We have spoken of Mr. Cochrane as a jurist and statesman, but justice would not be done him were mention omitted of his attainments as a scholar and ability as a writer. He preserved his early taste for the classics, and his reading in miscellaneous literature was varied and extensive. He particularly affected political literature and the biographies of our eminent public men. The writer well remembers his frequently expressed opinions of our great national characters, he discussing, analytically, their intellectual grades, their writings, oratory and general career, while pacing backward and forward, his features glowing and his gesticulation waxing fervent under his own intellectual excitement. In poetry also, and the higher walks of fiction, he found delightful recreation. A trustee, for many years, of Union college, he watched over the welfare of his *Alma Mater* with an affectionate interest and attended her commencements with a loving appreciation.

Of his capacity as a writer, probably no better illustration can be given than the address he delivered at New Boston, and which is inserted in the body of the Memorial. No one can read it without being impressed with the elo-

quent and graphic beauty of the language, justness and vigor of the thought, pathos of the expression, and loftiness of the sentiment displayed.

It is a source of regret that transcripts of Mr. Cochrane's speeches, on various occasions, have not been preserved. Those he delivered at the many mass and other political meetings, would show the power of his unpremeditated eloquence gratifying to his warmest admirers. He has been listened to in many of these efforts—indices of all—with delight and pride at the ability evinced. Some of his sentences were full of rhetorical beauty. Born at the moment of delivery, they came perfectly formed from his lips—ready, without the alteration of a word for the press. Truly is the gift of extemporaneous oratory valuable and vital with power and influence. It vividly expresses all the fleeting feelings and sentiments of the instant; it is the sound of the speaker's heart-beat, the mirror that catches on its sensitive surface every ray of the moment's thought and emotion, and pours it in a penetrating flood into the heart of the hearer. This gift, Mr. Cochrane possessed in no ordinary degree.

In person, Mr. Cochrane was above the ordinary size, with a pleasant as well as intellectual expression of countenance. His forehead was high and his features good. His manners were open and genial, his disposition amiable and kind, his intercourse with mankind cheerful and sincere.

In his private life he won the love and confidence of those who knew him best, and the respect and esteem of all. No one could know that honest and tender heart of his, that kind impulsive temperament, that sunny frankness, that almost boyish simplicity, without loving and trusting him! No one could appreciate his geniality, his thoroughly manly character, his self-reliance, his unwearied industry, his persistent energy in the struggles of

life without honoring and esteeming him! And then his Christian benevolence, his devotion to every object tending to the welfare of the race! How truly distinguished and beneficent the record of his life. Although dead, our friend lives in his virtues.

He died on the fifth day of March, 1867, in the fifty-second year of his age. The tidings of his death reached keenly to many a heart, and he was borne to his rest amid the sorrows of relatives and friends, and regrets of a large concourse who, in their attendance, bore testimony to their appreciation of his loss. The funeral ceremonies were deeply impressive. The Assembly of the State Legislature adjourned, and attended the funeral, highly eulogistic and even affectionate addresses having previously been delivered, on the announcement of his death, in that body. His remains were taken, under the care of a numerous committee of prominent members of the legal profession appointed by the Bar of the city, to Amsterdam for interment. In the churchyard of the spot where he began his career of manhood, Clark B. Cochrane sleeps, and many memories are watchers at his grave.

EXTRACTS FROM THE PRESS.

[From the *Albany Evening Journal*, March 5, 1867.]

Death of Hon. Clark B. Cochrane.

OUR citizens were painfully affected this morning by the announcement of the death of Hon. Clark B. Cochrane. Although this result has been, for some days past, deemed imminent, there have been occasional indications which excited hope. But those who have watched the progress of the disease most closely have feared from the first. The most skillful surgeons in the state have been baffled in their attempts to discover its character, and have, as a consequence, been unable to prescribe with the precision needful to check its progress. He died at nine o'clock this morning, in the fifty-second year of his age.

He has been ill since the first of January. On that day he argued a cause before the supreme court at Schenectady. At the close of the argument he was seized with severe vomiting, which greatly prostrated him. In the evening, he took the cars for this city; but the train was detained near West Albany by the heavy snow-drifts, and he remained in the cars all night. In the morning, with his system deranged, and his physical energies weakened by the sickness of the day before, he walked to the city through the deep snow, and suffered greatly from the effort. On reaching home, he was quite prostrated, but in a day or two was enabled to attend to his business, but not with his usual zest and energy. In about a fortnight, he was obliged to succumb, retiring to his room, never again to leave it to engage in the activities of busy life.

The disease made rapid progress; and, in spite of the best skill, and after intense suffering, he passed into his rest.

Mr. Cochrane was born in New Boston, N. H., on the 31st day of May, 1815. He gave early evidence of intellectual superiority, and after passing through all the schools in the immediate neighborhood of his home, he entered Union college and graduated in 1839. He immediately entered upon the study of the law, and was admitted to the bar in 1841. He began practice at Amsterdam, where he speedily acquired distinction. He was subsequently associated in business with Judge Potter, of Schenectady, and at the time of his death, with Messrs. Reynolds & Harris, of this city.

He entered public life as a democrat, and was elected to the assembly, by that party, from Montgomery county, in 1844. But he was early imbued with the spirit of freedom, and broke away from the democracy when he discovered that it was indissolubly linked to the slave power. He was nominated in 1856, for congress, as the representative of the free soil sentiment of his district, and elected. Being one of the earliest, most eloquent and effective originators of the republican party, he was renominated to congress by that party in 1858, and triumphantly elected, after one of the severest contests which was ever known in the district.

At the close of his congressional term, he took up his residence in this city, having some years before become a partner in the law firm of Reynolds, Cochrane & Harris. He at once assumed here, as he had elsewhere, a leading position at the bar.

In 1866, he was elected to the assembly from the central district of this city, having overcome, by his conceded fitness and popularity, a democratic majority of seven hundred. He was renominated last November; but, in the new apportionment, an additional democratic majority

was thrown into the district, too large to be overcome. He was beaten by less than one hundred, although the anti-republican majority in the district is full one thousand.

Mr. Cochrane was a man to be loved—generous, genial and noble hearted. As a husband and father, he was kind and affectionate. As a politician, he was earnest and true. As a statesman, sagacious and patriotic. As a lawyer, learned, lucid and eloquent. As a Christian, unostentatious, consistent and sincere. As a friend, unswerving, warm-hearted and reliable. Few purer or truer men have ever passed to the tomb. His grave will be bedewed with the tears, and his memory will be gratefully embalmed in the hearts of all who knew him well. He leaves but one daughter. His wife died about two years since.

Mr. Cochrane's death was announced in the assembly this morning, and appropriate resolutions were passed and addresses made.

The assembly presented a most affecting appearance on the announcement of the death. Strong men gave evidences of grief rarely witnessed. The suffused eyes of his many friends, and the tremulous voices of those who spoke to his memory, were worthy tributes to his many virtues.

[From the *Albany Argus*, March 6, 1867.]

Death of Hon. Clark B. Cochrane.

After lingering between life and death for many days, Mr. Cochrane yesterday terminated his earthly career. He was a gentleman much loved and respected. He had served in congress and in the legislature of the state, and bore a brilliant reputation at the bar. His temperament

was full of enthusiasm; and there is no doubt that his death was occasioned by the wear of mind upon body, the breaking down of the nervous system under the strong pressure of study and anxiety. When his death was announced in the house by Mr. Weed, of Clinton, the emotions of grief on the part of the members were unrestrained. The tribute of the member from Clinton was followed by eloquent expressions of appreciation and sympathy and grief on the part of Messrs. Stiles, and Selkreg, Millspaugh, Clark, of Schoharie, Wilber, Bigelow, Wood, of Onondaga, and the speaker.

None felt that they could render too high an eulogy upon their old companion and friend. When Mr. Parker, of Cayuga, attempted to speak, his emotions choked his utterance. He had to give way; but his silence was itself eloquent.

[Editorial correspondence, from Albany, of the *Daily Brooklyn Union.*]

DEATH OF HON. CLARK B. COCHRANE.

CLARK B. Cochrane died at nine o'clock this morning. A feeling of melancholy and gloom seems to have settled down on the city, occasioned by the loss of one of her favorite citizens. On every corner, in hotels and at private houses, wherever man meets man, the sorrowful expression is "Clark B. Cochrane is dead!"

Few men have passed so public and exposed a life, so honorably, truly and faithfully as Mr. Cochrane, for there seems to be in the very air of politics that which vitiates nearly all who long breathe it, taking from them the strict integrity which has marked their character theretofore. Such was not the case with Mr. Cochrane, as his most intimate friends all assure us, and against their state-

ments no shadow of doubt lifts its cruel finger. As is the case with so many of our eminent men, Mr. Cochrane began his career amid many disadvantages, having to contend with a lack of means, and to teach school in order to fit himself for his profession. I first knew him sixteen or seventeen years ago, in Amsterdam, Montgomery county, of this state, at which time he had already represented his district one session of the legislature, and was rapidly rising to the proud position he attained in the state and in the country, as an able lawyer and a thorough patriot. In 1856, he was elected to congress from the Schenectady district, and in 1858, he was reelected. In 1859, the intense excitement then surrounding congressional life proved too great for his mind to bear, and he was obliged to return home for rest and reinvigoration. He was, however, able to resume his seat before congress adjourned, but his absence was severely felt. From the expiration of his term in congress, Mr. Cochrane resided in this city, devoting himself closely to his profession, in the firm of which John H. Reynolds and Hamilton Harris were the other members. He was a most excellent lawyer, and in the middle, western and northern portions of the state his reputation for ability became very extended and secure. He was prevailed on to accept a nomination for the legislature in 1865, and represented one of the Albany districts last year, when he was the acknowledged leader of the house, and received the title of *The Great Pacificator*, on account of his success in quieting angry debate and personality. His favorite bill—that making an appropriation for the erection of a new Capitol—was defeated by side issues, all who voted against him agreeing with him that the present Capitol is simply a disgrace to the Empire state. His speech in favor of this measure was one of the most eloquent speeches ever made on the floor of the house, and has been mentioned to me, within

a few hours by several who heard or read it, as being most eloquent. In 1844, he was one of the primitive barnburners. In 1848, he supported Van Buren and Adams. In 1854, he vigorously opposed the Kansas-Nebraska bill, and has since acted with the republicans. The universal testimony is that a more amiable man in private life and upright in political circles was never known; and an intimate acquaintance with him at his home and as he was among his constituents, obliges me to heartily coincide with the profound eulogies passed upon him, and to add my testimony to the great mass so gladly furnished by those acquainted with him, though by many who were in political measures radically opposed to him. His funeral will take place on Thursday next, at noon, at the church of which he was a prominent member, and of which Rev. Dr. Halley is the pastor.

PROCEEDINGS IN THE ASSEMBLY OF THE STATE LEGISLATURE.

Death of Hon. Clark B. Cochrane.

MR. Weed rose to make a very painful announcement, and to offer a resolution. He announced the death of Hon. Clark B. Cochrane, and offered the following resolutions:

Resolved, That this house has heard with deep and heartfelt regret of the death of the Hon. Clark B. Cochrane, of the city of Albany, a member of the assembly of this state in 1866, and a prominent and distinguished citizen of this state; a man who has by a long and honorable public life; by endearing private and social virtues, and by his noble and manly qualities of mind and heart, endeared himself to the citizens of the city of Albany, of the state at large, and particularly to his associates of the assembly of 1866.

Resolved, That when the assembly adjourns to-day, it adjourn to ten A. M. of the 6th instant, out of respect to the deceased.

Mr. Weed spoke as follows:

If the house will bear with me for a moment, I will pay a slight tribute to the memory of Mr. Cochrane. My only apology for asking this of the house is my personal relations to the deceased, and his standing and position as a man in this state. Many upon the floor of this house were as well acquainted with the deceased as myself, but some may not know the more prominent points of his history. Over twenty years ago he was a member of the

assembly from the county of Montgomery. Later in life, he was, for two terms, a member of congress from this state. At that time he resided in the city of Schenectady; and last year, in 1866, he was again a member of the lower branch of the legislature. To the members of this body in 1866 I need say nothing upon the subject. His relations with every man of us were such that every one felt as I felt when the announcement was made to-day, as if they had lost a personal and particular friend. My own relations to the deceased have been intimate for several years. We met at the bar, where he was a shining light, known throughout the state of New York, and particularly in the central and northern portions of it, as one of the ablest, most eloquent and learned advocates at the bar. Coupled at the same time with his reputation as such advocate, was his reputation as a man, and as a sincere, true and honest friend. Though I differed with him radically in parties, yet my relations with him upon the floor were of the kindest and most intimate character. Every member of that body will remember and cherish his memory, it seems to me, with the sentiments expressed in the resolutions offered by myself. Mr. Cochrane was honored with the chairmanship, last year, of what is supposed to be the most important committee of this body, and as such chairman and as a member of this body, he discharged his duties faithfully, earnestly, and, I believe, thoroughly and honestly. To his social qualities, every member who knew him, and certainly every member of the house of 1866, the citizens of Albany, and his friends wide-spread throughout the state and throughout the Union, can bear testimony. No man was more genial, more pleasant and more social. No man met a more honorable, upright and earnest combatant in debate. No man had a more truthful friend. His pleasant face, his genial manners, and his noble intellect have gone from among us. On the

face of the earth we shall see him no more. But the recollections of him will ever be green in the minds of those who had the pleasure on earth to know him.

Mr. Stiles, of Chautauqua:

I desire to detain the house, Mr. Speaker, but for a single moment. It has been my pleasure to know Mr. Cochrane for over thirty years, and during that time he has been my friend. I feel now, sir, in hearing the announcement of his death, as I always feel when I learn of the death of one of my nearest and dearest kindred. Mr. Cochrane was a most faithful, truthful and earnest man, a man of great ability and a public servant whose personal integrity was unquestioned. He was a man who worked his own way up to the high position which he attained in the confidence of the people of his state, who was indebted to nobody but himself and his own energy for whatever success he attained in life. In early life he was a poor boy. He received the money to engage in the study of his profession, by teaching a district school in the village of Amsterdam, in Montgomery county.

It was soon discovered that he was a young man of great promise and ability. He soon succeeded in being admitted to the bar, where he took a high position. Soon he was elected a member of the assembly from that county, and since has served two terms as a member of congress for the Schenectady district. How he had acquitted himself in public life is to-day a matter of history. We all knew him, well and favorably. He was not only a man of ability and integrity, but of great earnestness of character. He possessed all the zeal of Paul and the goodness of Barnabas, and most heartily do I second the motion of the gentleman from Clinton—Mr. Weed.

Mr. Selkreg, of Tompkins:

Allow me to say that while it was not my fortune to

be ever connected with the distinguished deceased in a legislative capacity, it has been my good fortune for several years to be intimate with him in social intercourse. There has been no announcement during this year which has brought more poignant grief to my heart, than the announcement made by the gentleman from Clinton — Mr. Weed. In all the relations of life, the deceased stood foremost among his fellows, and to-day, while the grave has closed over his faults, if faults he ever had, his virtues grow brighter and brighter. I trust that as he has drifted out upon that sea which has but one shore and whose heavings beyond are infinite and eternal, so may we, each one of us, in our humble spheres, endeavor to emulate him, that we may gain the respect of our fellow men to follow us, in some small degree, as it has followed the Honorable Clark B. Cochrane.

Mr. Parker, of Cayuga, arose to address the house, but had hardly commenced before overcome by emotion, he was compelled to take his seat.

Mr. Millspaugh, of Orange:

Mr. Speaker, my experience as a member of this body commenced with the last session of the legislature. It was the first time that I had ever had the pleasure of meeting with the distinguished deceased. It is a lesson at all times, and is instructive to us, who are permitted to remain, to hear the announcement that a fellow mortal has been taken from the world. In all the relations of life, as a Christian, as a philanthropist, and a citizen, Mr. Cochrane stood prominent. As a legislator upon this floor, we who knew him appreciated his abilities and his worth. We knew with what zeal he advocated upon this floor a measure in which his soul was interested, the bill making appropriation for a new capitol in the city of Albany, we all having hung with rapture upon that speech never to be

forgotten by those who listened to it. Upon this floor, one year ago, he was with us in the midst of health and strength and vigorous manhood. To-day his head lies on the cold pillow of death. Let whatever faults he may have had be forgotten, but the deeds of good men will live, and smell sweet and blossom in the dust.

Mr. W. S. Clark, of Schoharie:

Mr. Speaker, I feel it incumbent upon me, as one of the constituents of the deceased when in congress, to add a sentence or two upon this occasion, as a tribute to the character and virtues of Mr. Cochrane. Having met him under circumstances when the passions of men were excited, and learning that there were none of the animosities in his heart, which sometimes characterize men in political canvasses, although opposed to him, yet by his geniality, freshness, generosity, earnestness and conscientiousness, he became endeared to me, as men seldom become endeared to us, to whom we are opposed. In all his relations of life, as well professional and social as political, I have never seen anything, or heard anything to lessen the estimate I had formed of him. I therefore could not do otherwise than esteem him as one of the noblest specimens of humanity, and of American citizenship. And I have only to add, that so far as I know, none knew him but love him, and none named him but to praise.

Mr. Wilber, of Dutchess:

Mr. Speaker, I can but unite, in seconding the resolutions that have been offered by the gentleman from Clinton — Mr. Weed — in reference to the departed. To those of the last house, I can more particularly refer, to confirm me in the statement that the few months which have intervened during the recess, after the adjournment of the last legislature, seem not to have been sufficient to wipe out the memory of his presence. It seems but yesterday

that he was one of the members of this house. We of the last house instinctively look across the chamber to his vacant seat. Though we had known of his illness, yet has the presence of the messenger of death, as it comes to the family circle, come upon us with a suddenness, seemingly, that creates surprise. Of him I think I can convey the idea that is conceded universally among those who knew him, by saying that he was a man of great intellect, of great heart, a scholar and a gentleman.

I can express, by mere words, no adequate idea of the man of whom we are speaking, and there are none who was more entitled to be distinguished. He was esteemed by all who knew him as one of the representative men of our state and our country — one of the representative men of our institutions — a man who grew from the humbler walks of life, who was the architect of his own fortunes, and who demonstrated the truth that under our institutions, a man, in whatever position he may be, may by goodness of heart and of intelligent following out of a laudable purpose, and studious labor, build himself up to a high position. Not only as a representative in the halls of legislation of his state or of the nation, but as a representative at home in his community and in his neighborhood, he was one who universally received the encomiums of the good who knew him; and as such we mourn his death, and as such I can unite in seconding the proper resolution which is now before us. The announcement came upon us suddenly. It becomes us, as members of the last house, to unite in the sentiments therein expressed. I can only recall a single expression of the last house, which grew out of the manifestations of his genial character, at his goodness of heart. It was one of those spontaneous things which are given birth to and which no man can at the moment assign a reason, and yet it was singularly appropriate. Mr. Cochrane was called upon

the floor of the house the Great Pacificator. He always sat here, ready to raise his voice; and the pure diction, the eloquent language, and the humble expressions which came from his good heart, were always used to smooth down and calm the ruffled feelings of those with whom he was connected, and, therefore, we used to appeal to him as the Great Pacificator. In the house, if our sessions became stormy, Clark B. Cochrane would arise, regardless of party, regardless of position, regardless of feeling, and his voice would calm the angry waves of contentious strife. His words fell as oil upon the troubled waters, and when I say that he was a scholar, a man of mind, of heart, and a man who was the Great Pacificator among those with whom he was brought in contact until the day of his death, I but pay a tribute to which he was eminently entitled.

Mr. Bigelow, of Jefferson:

Mr. Speaker, silence is really the most eloquent language of sorrow, and I should have remained in my seat, sir, but I have observed that among the many touching tributes paid to the honored deceased, there have been none from the younger members of this house. Clark B. Cochrane was preeminently a favorite among the young men of this state. He was the idol to whom their hero worship was instinctively paid. Drawn by the subtle magnetism of his ingenuous nature, they circled around him for sympathy, counsel and inspiration. It was my good fortune to know him — though he did not know me — while a student at college, and often heard him advocating cases at the Circuit Court, when he resided at Schenectady. Later, when studying law in this city, I used to listen to his eloquent efforts at the bar, and when an applicant for a position in this house last winter, I brought a letter of introduction to him, I, as always, received the most cordial and friendly considerations at

his hands. To me, as to every young man who enjoyed his acquaintance, he mingled the counsel of a parent with the sweet familiarity of a friend. His eminence as an advocate and his prominence as a legislator, have entered into history, and need no commendation from those who knew him well. In every intellectual combat, he was like Bayard on the battle field, "a knight without fear and without reproach." As I can add nothing to what has already been said in commemoration of his public and private virtues, I will, with equal truth and propriety, apply to him the beautiful tribute of Fitz Green Halleck to his cherished and departed friend:

"Green be the grass above thee,
Friend of my better days:
None knew thee but to love thee,
Nor named thee but to praise."

Mr. D. P. Wood, of Onondaga:

Mr. Speaker, I cannot let the opportunity pass without bearing my testimony to some of those manly qualities possessed by the deceased which came to my knowledge as his associate upon one of the committees of the last house. I was entirely unacquainted with Mr. Cochrane until I met him upon the floor at the commencement of last session of the legislature. It was my good fortune as well as my pleasure to have served during the hundred days of that eventful session with him upon the important committee of which he was chairman, and as those who have borne tribute to his memory this morning, have spoken of those traits of character which were more apparent and which were among the more stirring points of his character, and which have been so well portrayed, I can do nothing better than to subscribe to every one of the sentiments which have been uttered by his eulogists. I will say one word in relation to these traits of character

which became manifest in the discharge of the arduous duties incumbent upon him as a member of the committee of which he was chairman, and which will put his character before this house in another light — that of a laborious, sincere and honest statesman. In examining and passing upon the innumerable applications presented to that committee, calling for the disbursement of vast sums of the public treasure, he was always patient, laborious and persistent in his efforts to promote the public interest, and to guard the public welfare. It became my duty at times to differ with him upon questions which came before us: but I am happy to say that these differences were not many. There never was the least personality between us on those differences. He was in every sense a man possessing those glorious traits of character which enable the possessor to recognize the great fact that in the exercise of legislative duties men must differ even upon questions about which there is vital personal interest. It will be borne in mind by some of my associates of last winter that we differed upon a question which was more vital to him than any other which came before this body, one in which his whole heart and soul were engaged. It is my pleasure to say, and I think this house will be glad to learn that trait of his character, that notwithstanding that difference was great, and the contest was severe, there never was the least exhibition on his part, of a ruffled temper or disposition. And when that contest was over, and we met as we frequently did, during the ensuing summer, we met as friends and brothers. And while Mr. Cochrane has been lingering upon the bed of disease and sickness, which has finally terminated in death, I watched him daily. [Mr. Wood here exhibited great emotion.] I have felt his suffering. This event was not unlooked for. I take it that every member acquainted with him, for days past, has known that his end was near

at hand; and I think that all who knew him, without exception, will say with me, that they all felt this morning, when they heard of his decease, as though they had lost a friend and brother.

The speaker—Hon. E. L. PITTS—in submitting the resolutions to a vote of the house, said:

Without desiring to trespass upon the time of the house, I beg the indulgence of members to say a few words before submitting the resolution to a vote. I greatly rejoiced that the gentleman from Clinton took the opportunity to introduce resolutions appropriate to the occasion. I never had an acquaintance with Mr. Cochrane until I came here at the last session of the legislature, when it was my good fortune to be returned with him as a member of this house. The best and highest tribute which was ever paid to a departed man was truly due to Clark B. Cochrane, and it is the concurrent sentiment of all who knew him, both in public and in private, at home and abroad, that he was an honest man. I believe that Mr. Cochrane scorned ever to do a dishonest act. In every department of life, and every sphere of human usefulness, in which I had the pleasure to meet him, I always invariably found him opposed to the wrong, and advocating the right. While we might differ as to the policy or expediency of a measure which he might deem best for the public good, his opponents universally conceded to him an unswerving integrity. It should be our desire to secure to ourselves some of the bright jewels for the crown of honor bestowed upon such public men that we may so honor those whom we represent, and receive the same plaudits that he has won as an honest man and a noble statesman. Let us, while mourning his loss imitate his example and emulate his virtues, as a son, a neighbor, a father, a husband, a counselor, an advocate, a legislator, and statesman. The life of Clark B. Coch-

rane was a grand and glorious success. He is not dead. He has gone to his home. He is not dead, but simply rests from a life of toil and labor. He is not dead, but, like a good man, he has gone from his weary pilgrimage to a haven of rest. He is not dead, but has fallen asleep.

If no other gentleman desires to express sentiments which well up spontaneous to the heart, I will submit the resolutions to a vote of the house.

The resolutions were then adopted.

Mr. Hiscock offered the following:

Resolved, That the members and officers of the house in a body attend the funeral of the late Hon. Clark B. Cochrane.

Adopted.

The house then adjourned.

FUNERAL PROCEEDINGS.

THE last sad offices over the remains of Hon. Clark B. Cochrane were observed on the 7th of March. The mourning relatives of the deceased and their sympathizing friends assembled in the Third Presbyterian church (Rev. Dr. Halley's) at 12 M. The members of the assembly, of the bar, and of the republican general committee, proceeded to the church in a body. After reading of the scriptures by the Rev. Dr. Van Vechten, an impressive prayer was offered by Rev. Dr. Sprague, which was followed by an appropriate and solemn voluntary by the choir, after which Rev. Dr. Halley delivered a deeply affecting address, reviewing the exemplary and useful life of the deceased, setting forth his exalted character and virtues, public and private, and urging their emulation upon his hearers.

After the benediction, the audience formed in procession, and accompanied the remains to the depot of the Central rail road, where they were placed in the cars and conveyed to Amsterdam, accompanied by a delegation of his more intimate friends, to be interred in the family burying ground.

Dr. Halley's Address.

Death is busy among our public men. A few weeks ago we were startled by the sudden bereavement of an eminent citizen and physician,* whose amiable qualities endeared him to a wide circle of friends, and whose talents

* Dr. Howard Townsend.

threw a distinguished lustre over his profession and that medical school in which he was a professor. And now we are met to pay the last tribute of respect to one endeared to many of us by the excellencies of his character, whose name became known in our city as one of its household words, who occupied high positions both in our state and general governments, and who was suddenly struck down in the vigor of his talents and the meridian of his usefulness. This is the end of all living. To this genius, talent, distinction, excellence, must come at last. There is no discharge in the warfare. The monarch, wrapped in his robes of state, the statesman in his public services, the merchant in his invoices, the scholar in his library, the philosopher in his speculations, and the mechanic in his craft — all must yield to this law. Grant his pastor the privilege of dropping a leaflet or two on his coffin, and in the presence of a large assemblage of his friends, to pay a sincere though inadequate tribute to one whom he esteemed and loved.

Clark B. Cochrane was born 31st of May, 1815, at New Boston, amid the bold and majestic scenery of New Hampshire. To these scenes and associations of his youth, I have no doubt that we owe some peculiar features of his character. Mountainous regions have always produced a race, possessed of sterling qualities, hardy, ardent, generous, patriotic, of indomitable energy of character and enthusiastic love of liberty; simple and sometimes blunt in their address, they are men that have always distinguished themselves in seasons of emergency. They were not reeds, shaken by the winds, nor possessed of the refinement of those trained in kings' palaces, but they have displayed a vigor of purpose, a constancy of character, a stern integrity which enabled them to act as patriots and martyrs in the cause of truth. Our deceased friend had many of these characteristics.

After passing with great credit through his academic and collegiate course of education, he devoted himself to the practice of the law at Amsterdam, and at Schenectady; but the wide-spread reputation of his talents determined his friends to raise him to a higher position. He was elected to Congress, and at the close of his second term, took up his residence in this city, became a partner in a law firm, along with his eminent associates, Messrs. Reynolds and Harris, and in 1866 served as one of the members of assembly of the state.

His health, never vigorous, sank at last under the arduous duties of his professional life. His temperament was ardent, nervous, generous, and the exciting scenes in which he moved gradually consumed the energies of his system. Had he gone about his duties in a cold, formal manner, his life would have been a longer and a happier one. But this was incompatible with the ardor of his mind. He never did anything by halves; he embarked in every object with the full enthusiasm of his nature, and thus an overwhelming sense of responsibility was constantly oppressing him and wearing down the energies of his nature.

His time was also largely occupied by many, who, knowing his benevolence and having full confidence in his sound judgment, repaired to him for counsel. Scarcely a scheme of reform or plan of education or an important political measure could be projected without being previously submitted to him. Leisure, or the buoyancy of a disencumbered mind, was a luxury he seldom enjoyed. His brain was kept constantly stimulated by new and exciting duties that were devolved upon him. The sad results of these incessant demands, the violence of this undue momentum to the elastic energies of his nature were at last painfully visible. He became prematurely old, and he fell a victim to that wasting, ever-consuming,

slow, but surely destructive system, by which the mind is goaded on in the present day to continued efforts, and so many of our eminent citizens fall annually the victims of popular injustice.

In the characters of most men there is some prominent feature that distinguishes them. No one ever on the slightest acquaintance with Mr. Cochrane could fail to see that his was the generosity of his nature. True he was a learned jurist, an eloquent speaker, an earnest pleader, but this threw a charm over all his endowments. He was full of the milk of human kindness. It was recognized in the glance of his eye, the tone of his voice and the pressure of his hand. He took a deep interest in every movement that contemplated the advancement of his species in knowledge and moral worth. How pleased was he when any scheme of this kind, started under favorable auspices, promised to be successful, and how sad as he listened to fearful details of calamity and crime. His heart overflowed with sympathy towards those around him, and those who repaired to him for counsel, can testify to the warmth of his feelings as well as to the rectitude of his judgment. This quality was strikingly seen at his domestic circle. He was kind, confiding and unostentatious. How sensitive to the cry of pain; how zealous to alleviate suffering; how cautious in wounding the feelings of others; how effectual, yet how unstudied, his power to throw around him the sunshine of a loving and confiding heart. That home was two years ago darkened by bereavement, and those who witnessed his anxiety, as hope or fear predominated during the long illness of the partner of his affections, and the deep sorrow with which he mourned her loss, can bear testimony to the warm throbbings of his heart.

It is not necessary to expatiate on the qualities of his public character. He whose voice was so frequently heard

on important questions during two congressional terms, who recently had a seat in the legislature of this state, and held several important offices, has left ample materials for forming our judgment of him. Those who knew him best speak of him most devotedly. The two gentlemen with whom he was associated in business mourn his loss and bear testimony to the integrity and candor that marked all his proceedings with them. His brethren of the bar speak in the highest terms of his talents and of the honorable conduct that he displayed in his intercourse with them. And I need only refer to the memorable scene that took place two days ago in the house of representatives of this city — and in the burst of deep sorrow which filled the house when the intelligence of his death was communicated, as well as the eloquent testimonies to his worth which it drew forth, we learn how deeply his loss was felt among those who could most justly appreciate him.

It is unnecessary for me, after such ample testimonies, to make any reference to his splendid talents, or his eminence in his profession. There was one peculiarity that struck me in his public speaking, and which may be resolved into that generous nature with which he was so largely endowed. At the opening of a case, when he was fortifying his position by appeals to learned authorities, or making nice distinctions, you never dreamed that you were listening to a dry pleader. There were here and there indications of a highly emotional nature, like the mutterings of the thunder before the storm; and it was when he had left the technicalities of the case and took up the humanities, when he dilated on the wrongs and hardships of his client, when he was vindicating a reputation unjustly slandered, or throwing the shield of law and equity over some victim of oppression, or in unmasking the schemes of villany, the eye flashed, the bosom heaved

and the pent up energies of the soul at last broke forth in conflagrations of powerful eloquence. For this reason, his addresses to juries were always considered the most effective, as he was less trammeled by abstract details, and appealing to the inherent sympathies of our nature.

Mr. Cochrane was eminently a lover of his country. He admired its constitution, and studied zealously to promote its interests. His generous heart sympathized with man irrespective of color or caste, and he fearlessly denounced oppression in whatever form it existed. He was the willing patron and powerful advocate of education, believing that the safety of our country in its deliverance from tyranny and misrule, mainly depended on the intelligence of the masses. And when its liberties were assailed and even its national individuality imperilled during our recent momentous struggle, none rallied with greater zeal than he round the altar of his country; none denounced more severely the measures of its enemies; none believed more sincerely in the issue of the conflict, and none rejoiced more when the conflict was terminated and the different sections of our country again reposed under the flag of the same government.

Mr. Cochrane connected himself with this church in 1865, being transferred from the Presbyterian church in Amsterdam village, in which he had been long a member. He was a regular attendant on divine ordinances, unless when the duties of his profession prevented him from reaching home on Sabbath. He especially interested himself in the cause of Sunday schools. He was one of our teachers, conducting a class of young men that were soon to enter into public life. His mode of teaching was solemn, instructive, practical. He carefully prepared himself for this duty, and the beautiful map of Palestine which he purchased to aid his pupils in the study of the Bible, we desire to preserve among the cherished records

of our church. He frequently addressed the school at its monthly concerts, and his remarks, while they were pervaded by a deep sense of piety, also indicated an intimate acquaintance with the doctrines of the gospel. His last illness was so prostrating, and repose deemed so essential to him, that I had few opportunities for ascertaining his religious experience: these, however, were sufficient to convince me that while he felt his unworthiness, all his hopes of mercy and future felicity were anchored on the atoning sacrifices of his Redeemer.

To this circle of mourning relatives, we tender our warmest sympathies. May they richly enjoy the presence of that God who knows where the wound bleeds and the burden presses, and who can dissipate the deepest shades of gloom by the consolations of his gospel. May these loud and frequent warnings of the uncertainty of life in our midst, in the case of individuals cut off in the maturity of their days and usefulness, induce us to live in habitual preparedness for death, to subordinate the things of time to the interests of eternity, and to be cultivating those affections here which shall fit us for a life of glory and immortality hereafter.

And may I not embrace the opportunity of making a closing appeal to that large portion of my audience engaged in the same professional duties as belonged to our deceased friend.

"What shadows we are," said the great Edmund Burke, on referring to the death of a political opponent, "What shadows we are and what shadows we pursue." Yes, the great body of men are in the pursuit of objects, airy, unsubstantial, perishing and limited at best by the grave. All things earthly, fame, riches, power, the most dazzling objects of human ambition are all relinquished in the hour of death. Yet though we pursue phantoms, we ourselves are not phantoms, we are deathless, immortal

beings, here weaving the web of an endless existence, and destined to live when stars shall have set in darkness, and systems gone into annihilation. 'Tis this that invests life with such mysterious solemnity. Make man immortal, and every thing becomes important to him, and human life swells out into a high and solemn thing. Your satirists can laugh and sneer at human life, and make its follies the subjects of their fun and caricature, and they do so because they look at man only as the creature of time. But if there be an existence beyond the present, what a momentous thing becomes life amid the scenes and pursuits of which we are shaping and moulding our destiny for ever.

Every thing here proclaims that nothing sublunary is a sufficient portion for the soul. It is seen in that restless dissatisfaction which all men feel with their present condition, and that insatiable yearning after some undefined object in the future. Earth is too poor, the world is too narrow, to contain any object that will satisfy a soul. It is heaven-born, and will find enjoyment in objects alone adapted to its nature. It has come from God, and can be satisfied only with divine things. In vain you try to satisfy it with the things of time. You may chain the eagle, whose home is the sky, or imprison him in a cage, yet, though his wires be of gold, he will droop and close his wings in his captivity; and though his food be the richest dainties, he is not reconciled to his lot; and alone will he be happy and seen in his majesty when he is permitted to roam free and unchallenged through his native heavens. So with the soul. It cannot be satisfied with distinctions, with honors, with any thing of the earthy. As immortal beings, requiring what is adapted to the higher elements of our nature, we need bread from heaven, we need water of life, we need raiment that waxes not old, we need houses not made with hands, we

need honors that will never fade and riches that shall never perish. See, then, ye intimate associates and companions of my deceased friend, see that ye forget not the one thing needful. In the last interview but one that I had with him, he lamented the tendency of the exciting pursuits of life to impair the force of serious impressions. Live then under an abiding sense of spiritual truth. Demean not your high and noble nature. Live not beneath your sphere. Seek in the cross of Christ that which can alone meet the exigencies of your fallen nature, and study to live under the influence of that gospel that hath the promise of the life that now is and that which is to come.

SERMON BY REV. DR. GOODALE, PREACHED IN AMSTERDAM, N. Y., MARCH 10, 1867.

Thou changest his countenance and sendest him away. — Job XIV, 20.

THE mysterious change which death produces, is briefly but graphically described in these few words. The countenance which glowed with health and was flushed with the beauty and hope of youth, or, was clothed with the expression of maturer manhood, is made pale, as the hand of death passes over it, indicating too plainly to be mistaken, that the grave must be its future home. Such events enter so largely into our history, and are of such frequent occurrence, that no kindred circle is long left an unbroken one in this world. We have all looked at the change here described, as death has sundered the tie between us and some dear friend as he passed, before us, into the future and invisible world. Yet, in every death, there is a lesson of instruction. It is the voice of God,

arresting us in the race of life, bidding us consider its brevity and uncertainty, and instituting the solemn inquiry concerning our preparation to meet that hour, in *our* future history, as we must.

To aid you in reaching right impressions of this subject, urged home as it is by that Providence which has led us to select this theme, is our present purpose.

Concerning death, let us inquire, What is it?

1. It is that change which terminates the united existence of body and soul.

2. Death terminates all the plans and purposes of human life.

3. Death closes human probation.

4. Death introduces the soul into its future and endless state.

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We have thus far spoken of death in its general relations to the human family. We come now to speak of it, as it has arrested our attention, and passed before our eyes, in the removal of one, who, for a considerable time, was a member of this congregation and this church. This fact makes it appropriate that we should join with others in paying a tribute of respect to his memory. Others have spoken of him from a comparatively limited acquaintance; I deem it my privilege to speak of him, after an intimate acquaintance of nearly thirty years; during a portion of which time, I held the relation of pastor to him, was permitted to guide his mind in the time of his inquiry after the way of life and peace, and to admit him, by profession of faith, to the membership of this church, to sit with him in communion at the table of Christ, to be followed by years of Christian fellowship as a Christian brother.

Added to this may be mentioned the fact that for a time, he with his esteemed wife were members of my family; in which relation we were permitted to learn much

of him in the hours of his unrestrained intercourse in domestic and social life.

An acquaintance thus begun and continued and cemented in mutual confidence and esteem, gave to our personal intercourse the freedom and confidence of most intimate friends. It is not strange, therefore, that I should feel his death to be a personal loss; and, that in what I would say of him while I would avoid fulsome eulogy, my words should be the utterance of partial friendship.

As has already been publicly stated — the Hon. Clark B. Cochrane was born in New Boston, N. H., May 31, 1815.

His childhood and youth were spent under circumstances well calculated to lay the foundation of his subsequent success. He was the child of Christian parents and of the covenant: as such he was the child of many prayers and of a thorough Christian discipline and training. He has publicly declared that, under God, he regarded himself as chiefly indebted to the moulding power of a Christian mother for whatever of distinction and usefulness he had attained. That mother, now more than ninety years of age, lived to witness the fruit of her patient sowing and assiduous culture, in the distinguished character and usefulness of that son; but, she is spared, also, to have her aged heart crushed by his unexpected death.

Added to this faithful religious instruction and moral training, the attendant circumstances of his youth, — passed in that New England home, among the hills of New Hampshire, where want was kept at a distance on the one hand, by industry and frugality practiced on the other, made him feel that labor was not only a necessity but an honor, and, that, if he would achieve any thing worthy of himself as a man, it must be chiefly through the divine blessing on his own exertions. With this as his patrimony — a richer gift than uncounted gold would have been to him — he left that rural home and bent his steps

westward. After having finished his collegiate course, with honor to himself, he came amongst us in 1838, just as he stepped forth upon the theatre of life, in the vigor of his youthful manhood.

As a young man, he will be remembered by some of us, as possessing that generous charm, which became the central power of his subsequent life.

He did not ignore his comparatively humble origin, nor leave his religious habits behind him, as too many have done in migrating from the east to the west. From the first he paid, at least, a decent regard to the observance of the Christian sabbath, and was uniform in his attendance upon the house of God, thus continuing him under those religious influences, which were among the means, we doubt not, of his subsequent conversion.

He commenced the study of law in the office of Mr. Corey, and, under his tuition, was admitted to the bar in 1841.

It soon became manifest to his friends that he possessed the elements of future distinction; and the hopes then raised of him, his future history confirmed.

We need not trace his history as a professional and public man, from the time when he came amongst us in the freshness and dew of his youth, to the closing scene which the last week has witnessed: that history is familiar to you: the steps by which he ascended from one position to another of more commanding influence and power. If he was ambitious, it was an honorable ambition to reach a commendable end by justifiable means. We leave it for others, and those more competent to judge of his ability as a lawyer and his success as an advocate at the bar, to bear testimony to his qualifications and success in these respects. In the public testimonies which have been borne of him since his death, his associates, by common consent, give him a place in the front rank of his profession.

Their eulogies are in the strongest language, testifying to his eminent ability and skill.

In the meeting of the Schenectady bar — where Mr. Cochrane resided for five years — the utterances of the members were evidently spontaneous and heart felt, all seeming to want for language to express their high appreciation of his character as a Christian gentleman, a statesman, a legislator, an advocate and a friend. In his address, Judge Potter — with whom Mr. Cochrane was a law partner while in that city — said, "After about five years residence here, he was invited to the capital of the state, where he became associated with men distinguished in the profession, he, himself, taking rank with the ablest lawyers in the state; and, perhaps it may be said, that before a jury he had no superior."

It is certainly high praise to say of him, that he had not his superior as an advocate, in so large, learned and distinguished a body of men, as is found in the legal profession in this state.

It is not pretended that he had the legal research of some men, or the judicial discrimination and power of others; but that his preeminence was in the trial of causes before a jury of his countrymen.

Such a position is not one of easy attainment; but must be the product of a brilliant mind, of extensive legal knowledge, and rare powers of persuasion. These were evidently possessed by Mr. Cochrane in a degree, and harmonious combination, enjoyed by few other men.

Surely the rank of distinguished eminence in this department of the legal profession, assigned him by his eminent associates at the bar, while it seems to be an occasion of envy to none, may well be a source of pleasure to his friends. But let us turn from his professional life to contemplate a little the chief elements of his character. We are not surprised that, in the many testimonies which

have been publicly borne of his virtues, all combine in ascribing to him a *generous nature* as the central and controlling power of his character. This was so prominent in him, that no one could be acquainted with him, without perceiving it at once and feeling its influence. I have seldom, if ever, known a man, whom I regarded as so unselfish and benevolent and kind to all, as Clark B. Cochrane. The kindness of his great heart beamed forth from his eye, was expressed in his smiling countenance, and was felt in the warm and earnest grasp of his hand. It was this exuberance of his generous nature, which gave him the place of a genial friend in the circle of his compeers; and drew around him the younger members of his profession, bound them to him in admiration and confidence, and which numbers them now amongst the sincere mourners of his early death.

It was this which placed him always on the right side, in questions involving right and wrong. There was nothing which his soul abhorred more than oppression and wrong, and injustice in all their forms. Hence he never appeared to better advantage, than when his benevolent feelings found an appropriate field of action, and his eloquent voice was heard in seeking relief for the victims of injustice and cruelty. It was on such occasions that he seemed most completely within the sphere of his high calling, when his convictions of duty and his emotional nature were acting in vigorous harmony, and, were bearing him on to the attainment of some beneficent end. It was then that he was sublimely great, and we felt the magnetism of his moral goodness moving us on in the right direction. The strongest impressions which he left upon the world were from this source. It was this which made friends of all, and enemies of none; while it bound to his heart, in chords of tender and abiding friendship, those who were admitted to his confidence and love. It

was this feature of his character also, which, in his death, spread the mantle of gloom over the city where he dwelt. While it was felt that a man of distinguished ability had fallen, that an eloquent advocate at the bar had ceased to plead, and that a safe counselor had been removed — yet the deepest emotions of grief evidently arose from the feeling that a generous friend had been taken away.

It was this which gave such spontaneous utterance to the sentiments of high regard for his character, and of deep and heartfelt sorrow, by the numerous and distinguished associations with which he had been connected. It was this which gathered at his funeral such a body of men as has seldom been convened on a similar occasion; whose tears, shed over his coffin, showed the grief which they felt in the death of one whom they had been led to esteem and love. Such a history, with such a close, has its lessons of instruction.

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It is not easy to measure the influences for good set in motion by such a man.

With an open heart and hand, he hardly knew how to frame a denial when solicited for aid; and then it was so in harmony with his nature to live so little for himself, and so much for others.

His chief energies were exhausted in promoting good objects out of, rather than within himself.

He was continually throwing off influences from himself which were beneficial to those around him.

He has thus left behind him the evidence that he did not live in vain. He has imparted benevolent impulses and higher purposes to other minds; and thus engraved his memory upon many hearts in grateful memorial of his generous nature, which will live long after his body has mouldered back to dust.

Such an example should not be lost upon others. It

should teach us, how much more noble it is to place the common welfare above personal convenience and happiness. The high purpose of every one should be, to make the world better by living in it.

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It is gratifying to observe that, in the tributes of respect paid to the memory of Mr. Cochrane by the numerous public bodies with which he had been associated, frequent recognition and distinct mention is made of his consistent Christian deportment, in connection with his public and official character — a testimony sustained by that of his pastor, Dr. Halley, in his able and and appropriate address at his funeral. It was my privilege to visit him twice during his last sickness; once, before he anticipated the fatal result which followed. During the hour which we spent alone together in that interview, he referred to the time of our first acquaintance, and traced the principal incidents of his history up to the present, and spoke of his plans and hopes for the future.

While he was cheerful and confiding, there seemed to be a kind of presentiment, that his future plans might not be realized; and he expressed comfort in the thought that he was in the hands of God, and at his disposal.

My second interview with him, was on the Friday afternoon before his death. Hope of his recovery was then given up by his physicians, and by himself. I found him not only in full possession of his mental faculties, but was struck with the peculiar activity of his mental powers, and the vividness of his impressions. Holding me in his embrace with both of his hands, and with the strongest expressions of affection, he said, "The end has come, and I am about to enter eternity."

At once the whole past seemed to rise up before him, and he surveyed it at a single glance.

He said, "It is a matter of unspeakable regret to me,

that I have suffered the world, in its engrossing cares and pressing calls, to interfere so much with my religious duties, and to have kept me so far from my Saviour, when it was my privilege to live so near to him."

When allusion was made to his position, and the loss we should all feel in his death, his quick and impressive reply was, "Do not speak of human honors! they are a myth, a shadow, a nothing to me — a dying man. Only pray that Christ may lift upon me the light of his reconciled countenance, and give me the assurance of his love, and I am ready to die." And when we had bowed our heads in united and earnest prayer, I left him with calmer features, and the hope expressed, that our next meeting might be on the other side of the river of death, where we might be permitted to join in the song of redeeming grace. How different the impressions of life and its solemn issues amid its cares and hopes, and that hour when eternity rises up before the mind as an immediate and vivid reality.

Of one thing be assured, my friends, that when you come to stand face to face with death, nothing will meet your wants, but a sense of reconciliation with God, through the atoning blood of Christ.

It will avail you nothing to have been successful in attaining the highest honors of your fellow-men, if this be all. These will then appear as trifles, as a vapor, as nought compared with the value of a well-grounded hope of eternal life, through Jesus Christ. Shall then the providences of God, enforcing this truth of Divine revelation, be in vain? If any are disposed to live away from the serious consideration of this question, at present, let them remember that they cannot ward off the shaft of death; nor evade the supreme necessity of a preparation to meet it.

PROCEEDINGS OF THE SCHENECTADY BAR.

AT a meeting of the Schenectady bar held at the office of Hon. Platt Potter, on motion of John L. Hill, Hon. A C. Paige was called to the chair and J. S. Landon appointed secretary.

Judge Paige on taking the chair, paid an eloquent and feeling tribute to the memory of Mr. Cochrane.

On motion of Judge Potter, it was

Resolved, That a committee be appointed by the chair to draft resolutions expressive of the respect of the bar of this county for the distinguished dead.

The chair appointed as such committee Platt Potter, Thomas B. Mitchell, John Sanders, D. C. Smith and A. J. Thomson.

The committee, after consultation, reported the following resolutions:

WHEREAS, the sad intelligence has reached us of the decease of Hon. Clark B. Cochrane, of Albany, formerly of this city, a distinguished member of our profession, in the full prime of life and usefulness. Therefore,

Resolved, That by this sad event the profession are called to mourn the loss of a brother, distinguished for his learning, ability, fidelity and zeal, whose uniform courtesy and noble and genial nature had greatly endeared to us his memory; and that he has left impressed upon our remembrance the example of an honorable and successful professional life.

Resolved, That we shall cherish with sad recollections his brilliant and successful character as an able statesman and legislator, his fidelity to all the several trusts committed to his care, his integrity and worth as a citizen, his example as a member of the church of Christ, and his unselfish and self-sacrificing attachment to his friends. That in these several relations to society, the state and the church, his loss will be sincerely mourned.

Resolved, That a copy of the foregoing resolutions, attested by the officers of this meeting, be transmitted to the only daughter of Mr. Cochrane as a token of our respect and sympathy.

Resolved, That the proceedings of this meeting be published in this city and Albany papers.

Hon. Platt Potter moved the adoption of the resolutions in a speech.

Mr. Alex. J. Thomson, in seconding the motion, said:

Mr. Cochrane has been associated so long and so intimately with the bar of this county, and identified with our city and county ever since he achieved success and distinction, that it is fitting that we should join in that widespread expression of sorrow for his loss and respect for his memory, which his death has evoked. He was peculiarly a Schenectady man. Early in life a resident in our college, and later and until his death one of its trustees. For several years an active member of our bar, our representative for four years in congress, and always the friend of our city and of our citizens. Faithful to every trust, his loss is the most severe, since it may never be supplied.

Hon. T. B. Mitchell said:

Mr. Chairman:

We have met here as members of the bar to do honor to the memory of one of our most distinguished

associates. An honor that is justly due from us to him since he is dead, and which in his life-time he richly deserved. I was acquainted with him when he first engaged in the struggle of our profession in Montgomery county. He early achieved high rank in that county, and his fame shortly spread in the adjoining counties. He was always the true gentleman, the warm friend, the safe counselor, and above all the true Christian. Early in life he united with the church of which he remained till his death a faithful and consistent member. I have been a careful observer of his entire professional and official career. He goes to his rest with his reputation untarnished. In the full maturity of his manhood he is summoned to his eternal rest, prepared, I doubt not, by his Christian life and practice. Let our prayers be that we may so live that the last summons will find us also ready.

Mr. S. W. Jackson said:

He was not acquainted with Mr. Cochrane in his earlier career, but his relations with him during the past few years had been intimate and cordial, both in social and professional life. He was a true man in every respect. Kind to all, he was in the highest degree a friend to his friend. His emotional qualities were of an extraordinary character. He was eminently social with his brethren of the bar, especially the younger members. He was a self-made man, and in that respect worthy of emulation. He was a poor boy and fought the battle of life against the obstacles of early poverty. From a teacher of a common school, he rose to high professional eminence. Few men in this part of the state, could compare with him as an advocate. He did not seem to pay much attention to the flowers of oratory; his feelings controlled, and in giving expression to them he became both eloquent and convincing. I saw him after he was confined to his bed from

which, alas! he was not to rise. He was associated with me in an important cause about to be tried. He had given it much attention, and it was natural that he should yield to my desire to have the case postponed. But he seemed to have a presentiment of death, and said it was doubtful whether he should ever be able to assist in the trial of that cause. I could not realize it. But that presentiment was soon to be fulfilled. It is sad when the great and good die. It can be said of him, that he died in the full flush of manhood. I take a melancholy pleasure in assenting to the resolutions.

Hon. John Sanders spoke as follows:

Mr. Chairman:

When I first came here bowed in sadness, I had intended to offer no words on this occasion; but the expressions of other sorrowing brethren seem to make it not inappropriate for me to say that I deeply feel that a mighty man has fallen, rather has risen from our society, to the associations of another and a brighter world. Mr. Chairman, Clark B. Cochrane was no ordinary citizen. I cannot now review all the successes of his well-spent life, ripe in honors and full of usefulness. But I can claim for him that he was one of nature's noblemen. A self-made man, who from the walks of comparative obscurity, nobly struggled up the rugged pathway of life, until as counselor, legislator, statesman, patriot, he had reached the *ladder steps* of fame.

Sir, I repeat that a mighty man has left us, that we shall not soon look upon his like again. I have admired him since the first day of our acquaintance, and in that feeling shared but a common sympathy with the masses who knew him; and I now on this solemn occasion carefully bear tribute that in the genial loveliness of his private character as in the manliness of public life, our

deceased brother had few equals in the untiring and self-sacrificing devotions of private friendship. I have myself, under circumstances then deeply appreciated, felt his kindly influences. I am for rendering the highest tribute in our power to his virtues. This place owes much of affection to his memory. Then, too, it is a lovely thought that our friend was a humble Christian, and both living and dying felt and knew that his Redeemer had risen in glory. We can entertain no doubt that our friend has gone to a happy immortality, and, therefore, feel the severity of our loss, mitigated by this consolation. Sir, I knew Mr. Cochrane to be a good man, a noble-hearted man, a trusty friend, and dare, without the fear of contradiction, pay this earnest offering to his memory: That in all his relations to society, our departed friend, Clark B. Cochrane, was "one of nature's noblest noblemen," and that we shall not soon look upon his like again.

Mr. John L. Hill said:

For himself he felt that a warm personal friend had been taken away from him, and from every younger member of the profession. He knew of no eminent member of the bar to whom the young and inexperienced might so freely go for counsel and be so warmly and kindly received as to Mr. Cochrane. He therefore felt that not only those who had been his associates during his long and distinguished career, but also the young men who are looking hopefully into the future, sustained the heavy shock of Mr. Cochrane's death.

The resolutions were then adopted.

A. C. Paige, Chairman.

J. S. Landon, Secretary.

PROCEEDINGS OF THE ALBANY BAR.

AT a meeting of the Albany bar, held at the City Hall, on the seventh of March, pursuant to public call, and for the purpose of appointing representatives of the bar to attend, at Amsterdam, the funeral ceremonies of the late Clark B. Cochrane; and for the appointment of a committee for arrangement for a subsequent meeting for a further expression of respect for the deceased, Orlando Meads was appointed chairman, and Messrs. J. M. Bailey and J. B. Sturtevant, secretaries.

On motion, the following named gentlemen were appointed as a delegation to attend the ceremonies at Amsterdam: Amasa J. Parker, S. O. Shepard, Henry Smith, George Wolford, Wm. L. Learned, J. I. Werner, Isaac Edwards, Paul F. Cooper, A. J. Colvin, A. B. Voorhees, R. W. Peckham, Jr., Edward Wade, Joseph W. Russell, Samuel Hand, J. B. Sanders, J. M. Bailey, Leonard Kip, Thomas Hayes, W. Frothingham, John W. Mattice, James Brice, Henry N. Wickes, W. J. Hadley, W. C. McHarg, W. B. Harris, S. F. Higgins, O. M. Hungerford, J. C. Cook, Jacob H. Clute, Dexter Reynolds, W. S. Kelly, Isaac Lawson, John J. Olcott, Wm. Wait, Wm. G. Weed, Deodatus Wright, W. H. Greene, J. B. Sturtevant, N. C. Moak, S. H. H. Parsons, S. L. Manning, Stephen Paddock, H. S. McCall.

On motion, the following named gentlemen were appointed a committee for arrangement for and calling a subsequent meeting of the bar: Deodatus Wright, Amasa

J. Parker, James B. Sanders, Lyman Tremain, Alexander S. Johnson, and on further motion, Orlando Meads was added to such committee. And on motion, the meeting adjourned to meet for attendance at the funeral ceremonies of this city at 12 M.

O. MEADS, Chairman.

J. M. BAILEY,
J. B. STURTEVANT, } Secretaries.

The committee appointed to make arrangements for a meeting of the Albany bar to testify their respect for their professional brother, Clark B. Cochrane, deceased, fixed upon Saturday, the 16th inst., for the meeting, at the common council room in the City Hall, at eleven o'clock, A. M.

The committee invited their professional brethren in neighboring counties to attend the meeting, and unite in a testimonial of respect for the deceased.

The common council chamber was filled on the morning of the 16th with the members of the bar of this city to give expression to their regret at the death of Hon. CLARK B. COCHRANE. There were gentlemen present from Troy, Schenectady, New York and elsewhere. Indeed, it was the largest convocation of members of the profession ever held in this city.

The Hon. Rufus W. Peckham was appointed chairman, and W. C. McHarg and Leonard Kip were appointed secretaries.

On motion of Hon. Deodatus Wright, the following resolutions were adopted:

Resolved, That the death of Clark B. Cochrane, an emi-

nent member of the Albany bar, has caused a profound sensation of sadness and emotions of deep and unaffected regret, not limited to his professional brethren, but extending throughout the community, and pervading the minds of all.

Resolved, That among those whose loss we have heretofore been called upon to deplore, few indeed, have been as successful in securing universal esteem and respect, as our deceased friend. Of few could it be more truly affirmed:

"None knew him but to love him,
None named him but to praise."

Resolved, That Mr. Cochrane was indebted for his eminent success in winning the good will and respect of his fellow-men to a degree rarely attained, by the possession of a brilliant intellect, and the impulses of a warm and generous heart. Guided by these combined influences, he was enabled to pass through the exciting conflicts unavoidably incident to professional and political life, and to attain a proud and lofty eminence in both, without leaving a single enemy to survive him.

Resolved, That while contemplating such a character, and such a success, there is cause of mourning for his departure; there is also cause for rejoicing at the bright and noble record which he leaves behind him.

Resolved, That the secretaries of this meeting transmit a copy of these resolutions to the only surviving member of Mr. Cochrane's family.

Hon. Lyman Tremain addressed the meeting as follows:

Mr. Chairman, and Brethren of the Legal Profession:

Although, upon this sad occasion, the grief-stricken heart would prefer an attitude of mournful silence, yet a sense of public duty induces me to speak a few words in honor of the memory of my beloved personal friend,

and our accomplished professional brother, over whose honored remains the grave has recently closed. These funereal meetings of our profession have occurred of late with unwonted and startling frequency. While the late civil war was producing its fearful and ruinous destruction of human life throughout our country, we were often called together as we learned that one after another of our patriotic brethren had offered his life upon the altar of our country. On nearly every occasion of this character, we remember, with grateful satisfaction, that our deceased friend honored the meeting with his presence. The voice of Clark B. Cochrane was ever heard among the first to vindicate the memory of the honored dead, his eloquent utterances were ever ready to do justice to the virtue, the patriotism and the merits of the deceased, and his tender sympathies were employed to pour words of healing and comfort into the bleeding wounds of surviving relatives and friends. Now that he, who was our acknowledged leader in the execution of these melancholy duties, lies in the cold embrace of death, and that those lips to whose pathetic strains we were accustomed to listen with interest and delight will forever remain mute and voiceless in the grave, who is there among us that feels competent to perform, for him, the office which he has so often and so faithfully discharged for others? Alas! the blow is too stunning, the bereavement too fresh, the opportunity too limited to allow us to indulge the hope that any thing more can be accomplished on this day than to present a few outline sketches of a subject which, in the hands of a master, and with the more ample materials that time and opportunity would allow to be gathered, is capable of being developed into a full, harmonious and noble picture of one of the most gifted men of his day.

The heart of our city has been touched, as it has been rarely touched before. The mournful expressions of coun-

tenance, the tearful eyes, and the universal feelings of sympathy, attest the fact that no ordinary calamity has befallen us. These reveal the conviction that one of our most brilliant, eloquent, popular and valuable citizens has been stricken down while he was in the very zenith of his manhood, and in the mid career of his usefulness and fame. Clark B. Cochrane would have been eminent in any age or country. But our own institutions were best adapted to the growth and development of his moral and intellectual nature. He was reared amid the hills and mountains of New England, where he acquired that intense love for the grand and beautiful scenery of nature, which characterized him through life, and upon which he was accustomed to converse in terms of rapturous admiration. But more than this, it was here that he inherited those lessons of freedom, justice and the rights of man, and acquired that hatred of oppression, wrong and fraud, which were so nobly illustrated in his subsequent career as a citizen, a lawyer and a legislator.

Having finished his collegiate course, he entered upon his professional career in the county of Montgomery, in this state, where he soon obtained marked distinction. Like many of our professional brethren practicing law in the country, Mr. Cochrane took an early and active part in political affairs, and nearly a quarter of a century has elapsed since he appeared upon the stage of public life as member of assembly from Montgomery county. In this position he acquitted himself with credit and honor. He was afterwards twice elected from the congressional district where he then resided as member of Congress. And in all these public trusts, he retained the continued and ever increasing confidence of his fellow-citizens.

He was a representative in Congress during the stormy period which immediately preceded the breaking out of the rebellion, and participated actively, in upholding the

national authority. He foresaw the coming storm, and the turbulent scenes through which he passed in his official career, united with impaired health, produced such an effect upon his sensitive nature, as to result in a serious illness, from the effects of which there is too much reason to believe he never entirely recovered.

In the mean time his great popularity, united with forensic ability of the highest order, had combined to give him an elevated position at the bar. When, therefore, at the conclusion of his congressional career, he became a member of the eminent legal firm in this city, with which he continued until his death, he at once assumed, gracefully, and by common consent, that position in the front ranks of the profession, which he continued to hold while he lived. His last official position was that of member of assembly from this city in 1866. How nobly and faithfully he devoted himself to the interests of his constituents we all know full well. He was an acknowledged leader in a body containing an unusual number of able and experienced statesmen. His great experience, his persuasive eloquence, his popular manners, and his conciliatory and winning address, gave him extraordinary influence, and all that any man could do, was accomplished by him to promote the interests of his constituents, and the welfare of the state.

While Mr. Cochrane was firm and decided in his political views, yet his partisanship was so harmoniously blended with the broadest charity, and with great gentleness of demeanor, as to disarm personal opposition, and at the same time, inspire universal confidence in the sincerity and integrity of his convictions. Although he was not destitute of ambition, yet his ambition was of that laudable character, which prompted him to seek the union of his name with the permanent growth, happiness and prosperity of his state and the nation. The last interview

I had with him was during his illness, but before he had come to entertain any serious apprehensions concerning its result. Among other topics of friendly conversation, his mind reverted to the subject of the approaching constitutional convention, in which he expressed great interest. There were a few essential reforms which he desired to see inaugurated, but he distrusted the power of any one political party to carry them through against a combined opposition, and hence, he wished to see the leading men of all parties agree upon these reforms in the convention, and thus relieve them of any political aspect. Those hopes, which might well have been entertained, that in the great work of framing a new constitution, the people of the state would be permitted to avail themselves of the ripe experience, the great talents and exalted patriotism of Mr. Cochrane are now forever extinguished.

As an orator in the truest sense of that term; as a speaker possessing the power to move and influence a popular assembly or a jury, our deceased friend possessed few equals in this country. He spoke with an earnestness that commanded respect, and he possessed an extraordinary facility in placing himself, as it were, in electrical communication with the hearts of the auditors whom he desired to control. His own sense of justice was at once keen and enlightened, while his personal integrity was of the highest order.

As an advocate at the bar, when the merits of the case were on his side he was absolutely irresistible, and woe to the unfortunate adversary whose overreaching, injustice, fraud or intentional misconduct became the subject of Mr. Cochrane's scathing exposures, and animadversion. His conscientious convictions, at the same time were so strong, that those who knew him well could not fail to discover his own real want of confidence whenever the full development of the case revealed the fact that his client

was in the wrong. He was no fomenter of strife, and many were the controversies which were amicably adjusted by his active interference and influence. Such was his tendency to conciliation and compromise, that among his legislative companions he received the honorable title of the Pacificator.

Mr. Cochrane adorned all the relations of life, and proved himself a kind husband and affectionate father, a devoted son, an honorable lawyer, and an exemplary and public-spirited citizen.

It was, however, as a social companion that he shone as a star of the first magnitude; possessing a rich fund of anecdote, with a keen sense of the ludicrous, and a charming relish for innocent enjoyment, he was at once the life and the idol of the social circle. Those festive occasions on which he has "set the table in a roar" and the scintillations of his genius and wit have produced exquisite emotions of delight and admiration, will never be forgotten by his favored auditors, nor is it probable that in these inimitable qualities, we shall ever look upon his like again. Indeed he was the very embodiment of mirthfulness and genial good nature.

How difficult to believe that the brilliant flashes of his intellect will no more be witnessed on earth! How hard to realize that the melodious tones of his eloquent voice will be no more heard, nor his animated face and pleasant smile seen within these walls, the scene of so many of his noblest efforts and proudest triumphs!

When such a man dies at the age of fifty-one years, the event may truly be regarded as a great public calamity. It is a loss to the community with which he was identified, and to the city in the welfare and prosperity of which he was deeply interested. It is a loss to the large class of clients and suitors who were accustomed to rely upon his prudence, wisdom, and learning, for instruction and gui-

dance. It is a loss to the state, the people of which had reason to hope that they might hereafter avail themselves of his great abilities and valuable services, in more extended fields of usefulness than any he had previously occupied. It is especially a loss to the noble profession of which he was an eminent and honored member. Whoever, like Mr. Cochrane, becomes a great lawyer by means of his industry, genius, talents and learning, reflects honor upon his profession, and its members become naturally interested in his name and fame. We all recognize the fact that one of the great and shining lights of our profession has gone out forever. We realize deeply the truth that we have suffered a loss which we can illy afford, and that a void has been created in our ranks that can never be fully supplied.

Such was the great and good man for whom we mourn this day. While we bring our offerings of friendship and sympathy to his grave, it becomes us to bow reverently, in humble submission to the decree of the all-wise judge, by whom this event was ordained. The dispensation which removed him from earth may seem to our limited vision hard and severe, while the reasons which produced it, may not be apparent to human intelligence. Recognizing, however, in our great affliction, the hand of Him who "doeth all things well" we may indulge the comforting assurance that our loss is the eternal gain of our departed friend and brother.

Remarks of Hon. Amasa J. Parker:

Mr. Chairman:

The gatherings of the bar, on sad occasions like the present, are instructive to the living as well as commemorative of the virtues of the dead. They change the scene from the contests to the sympathies of life. They soften the heart to the gentler influences of our nature, and

teach us forbearance, and tend largely to the cultivation of that courtesy between brethren which contributes so much to lighten the toils of a laborious profession.

In the dispensations of Providence, these lessons have been, within the last few years impressively frequent. We have been called to mourn for those who fell in defense of the nation's flag upon the field of glory — for those who have filled the measure of professional usefulness at home — for others midway on their hoped for professional career, and for some just entering upon its threshold. We have lost many whom we had loved and honored; but around the bier of none of them have our brethren gathered with grief more heartfelt than that which now oppresses those who mourn the death of Clark B. Cochrane. We meet to do honor to his memory, not in the discharge of a mere formal duty, but moved by a common impulse, under a deep and universal sentiment of sorrow, and with a keen conviction of the loss we have sustained and of the love we bore him.

I have studied the character of Mr. Cochrane from different stand-points; and whether viewed from the bench, with the advantages of the impartiality of judgment which belongs to that position, or from the bar, while engaged in the heat of professional strife, or in the more intimate relation of associate counsel, the same conclusion was irresistible, which awarded him eminent and characteristic qualities of mind and heart.

Though his learning and ability would have secured him respect and success in any professional field and before any judicial tribunal, yet his true forum was before a jury and at the circuit. No one of our brethren, whose fortune it has been to meet him in a professional contest, could have left the encounter without having been impressed with a sense of his power. The evident sincerity of his convictions, the earnestness of his advocacy, the

expression of his features so truly representing the sentiments which inspired him; the musical cadence of his voice, tempered by the kindness of his nature, and his skill in the presentation of his case all combined, exerted a magnetic influence over the jury that secured their attention and won their confidence. While he never undervalued the learning of the books, he had studied, with eminent success, the great volume of human nature stored in the heart of man. He had learned that the moral sense may be successfully appealed to as an aid if not a guide to the judgment in seeking after truth and in determining the controversies between men; and he appealed to it, in the full confidence that God designed it as a light to direct our steps in threading the sometimes tortuous paths that lead to justice.

The sympathies of his nature were warm, tender and enthusiastic. In pleading for an injured client, in urging the justice of remunerative redress or in struggling to resist an apprehended wrong, he felt keenly and of course spoke earnestly and effectively. No one can speak eloquently who does not feel deeply. To the warmth of his own heart and the kindness of his own nature, he was largely indebted for the power he wielded over those he addressed.

As an advocate, he was able, earnest and eloquent. But he neither wounded by his satire nor stung by his wit. His abundant good nature seemed always to predominate, and left nothing personal for his adversary to resent.

It was for his bearing as a manly and courteous opponent that I particularly admired him. Though he was ardent and urgent in the presentation of his own views and in trying to refute the arguments of his adversary, I never knew him to forget the gentlemanly courtesy which is due to an opponent. He respected always that

well-established rule, applicable as well to the bar as to a parliamentary body, which forbids the questioning of the motives or sincerity of an adversary, while it leaves his arguments open to the severest criticism. I never knew him to say any thing in the warmth of debate which left a wound in the breast of a professional brother.

The labors of a circuit lawyer in full practice are by far the greatest and the most trying to the temper of any which devolve upon us. The physical exhaustion consequent upon protracted trials, in a crowded court room, too often badly ventilated, is apt to render counsel occasionally, if not habitually irritable. Our deceased friend yielded to no such infirmity. He preserved to the last that cheerful and pleasant temper which contributes so much to the comfort of others.

But while, as a lawyer, he was an example so well worthy of imitation, it is with reference to his social qualities, that we cling to his memory most fondly. Who can forget his pleasant smile and merry laugh, the warmth of his salutation and the abundant evidences of his genial and generous spirit? Who can forget how the circle of his brethren gathered around him to listen, with infinite zest, to his amusing anecdotes abounding with wit and humor? How he made all happy about him, relieved them, for the time, from the weight of professional cares and added to the sum of human enjoyment, if not to the time of human existence. We would not if we could, lose those pleasant memories of our departed friend; nay, we will cherish and preserve them.

We will cast upon his coffin the evergreen sprig of friendship. We will decorate his grave with the choicest flowers of affection, we will cherish his memory with fraternal regard.

"*Eheu! fugaces labuntur anni.*"

The years fly rapidly by and will soon bring each one of us to his final destiny. Happy will he be who, like him we mourn,

"*Integer vitæ scelerisque purus,*"

can look back upon the record of a well-spent life.

Happy will he be who, like our departed friend, shall, in his last hours, see the stormy billows of life subside around him, into the calm, smooth sea, its surface undisturbed by a single ripple, reflecting only its own mirrored brightness upon the clear blue sky of eternity.

Mr. S. O. Shepard spoke as follows:

Mr. Chairman:

These mournful convocations of our brethren of the bar have of late become fearfully frequent. Within the period of a few fleeting months have the members of this bar been repeatedly called together to testify their respect for those whose loss they have been called to mourn. Many faces, once familiar, are this day absent, many voices which we loved to hear, silent. Death, with unsparing hand, has stricken from the roll of our profession the names of many of its most loved and honored members. Reynolds, and Hill, and Benedict, and Jackson, and Strong, and Allen, have within a few score months, successively yielded obedience to the stern summons, and stepped forth from the ranks of busy life, leaving behind them wide unfilled gaps to remind us, not only of the loss which we have sustained, but to remind us also, that our lives are only held by the same frail tenure. One by one have they dropped from the tree of life into the silent earth, some in the early bloom of youth, some in their full maturity, and some withered and shriveled by the frosts of age.

Some, worn with the burdens of life, body and brain,

alike overtasked with the exacting demands of a laborious profession, have sunk quietly to rest amid the familiar scenes of their professional toils and their professional triumphs; others, summoned by the call of duty, have fallen beneath the contagion of the camp, upon the soil of distant states; some have wasted slowly away from the effects of the hardship, fatigue and exposure, incident to the life of a soldier; others have fallen gloriously upon the battle-field, in the great struggle of our country, leaving behind them a record glowing with all that is grand in life, and patriotic in purpose.

And now, death has again invaded the ranks of our profession. Another of our brethren has fallen — Clark B. Cochrane — a name, the mention of which, stirred always within our hearts pleasant sunny memories, but which to-day stirs also to its lowest depths the fountain of our tears.

Of the early history of our lamented brother, I know nothing, save what I have this day heard uttered in words of kindly eulogy. Nor is it necessary. The few later years of his life which have been spent among us, have revealed to us enough of the man, enough for us to love, enough for us to admire, enough for us to imitate, and full enough to excite our sincerest sorrow for his loss.

A true-hearted, earnest man, an exemplary citizen, an accomplished lawyer, and an eloquent advocate has been taken from our midst, in the full maturity of his manhood and in the very meridian of his usefulness.

To analyze a character like that possessed by Clark B. Cochrane, would be but a thankless and a useless effort. The component parts of that character in their grand simplicity were too obvious even to a careless observer to require more than a passing mention, to secure their recognition by his friends.

There was indeed about him, an absence of all that was specious or artificial — a transparency, through which the true life of the inner man shone unobstructed, challenging the scrutiny and constraining the confidence of men.

Death, it is true, although pictured with icy fingers, not unfrequently so palliates the foibles and exaggerates the virtues of the dead, as to surround them with a halo brighter and warmer than that which adorned the living. But not thus has he dealt with our dead friend. For, were we to say of Clark B. Cochrane, that he was a gentleman by instinct, simple and direct in purpose, courteous in address, manly in bearing, generous in his impulses, ardent in temperament, warm of heart and firm in friendship, it would only be to portray those prominent features of his character, the existence of which would be at once recognized by all to whom he was known. His friends were countless, enemies he had none.

Whether in his domestic or social relations, as a counselor, as a legislator for the state, or for the nation, from whatever stand-point we contemplate our friend, we readily detect the lineaments of that true manhood for which he was distinguished, and find Clark B. Cochrane always true to himself and true to his convictions of moral right.

As a lawyer, and especially a *nisi prius* lawyer, there were but few who were his equals, fewer still who were his superiors. Well-grounded in the principles of law, he enlisted in the application of those principles a practiced, vigorous and discriminating intellect, fluency of expression, and an eloquence which was always earnest, often irresistably impassioned. Indeed his rare power as an advocate, wielded by a nature so earnest and enthusiastic, not unfrequently commanded for the cause in which he was engaged a consideration from a jury more

respectful than that to which upon its merits it was perhaps justly entitled.

Identifying himself, as his temperament compelled him to do, with the interests and the anxieties of his client, he made each case in which he was engaged his own, and cast himself with all of his energies, mental and physical, into the conflict, with an utter abandonment of all that was selfish or mercenary. The success of his client was *his* reward, and especially so when that success was the legal triumph of moral right.

When, with such qualities of mind and temperament, were combined a habit of patient persevering industry, careful mastery of detail and manly vigor of purpose, we cease to wonder that Clark B. Cochrane successfully attained, and securely occupied so proud a position at the bar; a position always cautiously conceded, and only to those whose intellectual supremacy fairly entitles them to demand it. But, suddenly, in the midst of his professional career, when apparently thoroughly trained and fitly accoutered for the contests of life, our brother is summoned to put off his armor, and to withdraw from the battle. In our erring judgment other men might better have been spared. But in the unerring judgment of Him in whose hands are the issues of life, the mission of Clark B. Cochrane upon earth was fully accomplished.

We shall hear his voice no more in the halls frequented by our profession, nor listen to his kindly tribute of respect in assemblies gathered like this to commemorate the departed.

Sadly, very sadly, does memory revert to an occasion like the present, when we, my brethren, were assembled in this very hall only some few score months since, to listen with mournful interest to the words of well-timed eulogy then uttered by Clark B. Cochrane, over *his* departed friend, Col. William A. Jackson. Now, in the

great march of humanity onward, Clark B. Cochrane has reached *his* resting place. That earnest eulogist has become the subject of eulogy. The lips of the eloquent counselor are hushed in death. His manly form now reposes in "that fearful length" rigid and stark, in yonder village cemetery; passionless, unimpressible, cold as the earth by which it is surrounded; and the loved and gifted occupant of that poor mouldering tenement, has in *his* turn, drifted out from the shores of time into the great future, upon the remorseless ebb of that tide, whose flood never again will return the barque to her former moorings.

We shall see his face no more upon the earth, for he cannot come to us, though some of us perchance may go to him. We turned away forever from his earthly remains, when retracing our steps we left him in his lonely grave. But the flowers of spring will bloom in early beauty over that grave, I doubt not, for warm tears like summer-rain, have moistened well its frost-bound clods.

He leaves behind him saddened hearts; he leaves behind him tearful eyes. But thank God, he leaves behind him a stainless name, an integrity unspotted by suspicion, a professional reputation, brilliant and enviable, and a memory fragrant with all that dignifies and adorns our humanity.

Hon. Alonzo C. Paige said:

Mr. Chairman:

My acquaintance with Clark B. Cochrane commenced before he became a member of the Albany bar. I first knew him in 1847, when he was in full practice in the county of Montgomery.

It is very seldom, sir, that we are called together to pay our tribute of respect to the memory of one who was so generally beloved while living, and so universally lamented being dead, as our distinguished friend and

brother, Clark B. Cochrane. He was one of those few choice spirits, who, by the graces of his mind, and heart and disposition, and manners, secured and retained the affection of his professional brethren. He was benevolent, and kindly, and joyous, and courteous; unselfish and unpretending, without arrogance and without guile. Ingenuous and magnanimous by nature and by cultivation, he abhorred dissimulation, and practiced systematically the most generous forbearance in respect to the unfriendly aggressions of others. So frank and artless was his nature, so inexpert in concealment was he, that upon his face was written the unspoken thoughts and feelings of his soul. Honor, integrity and truth shone with surpassing lustre as gems in the coronet of his virtues. Quick in his conceptions, and fluent in his use of language, his conversation sparkled with wit and repartee; but he never indulged in satire or acrimony. With a temper, I may say, always unruffled, and a heart overflowing with benignity and good humor, he was the life and charm of the social circle. He had an acute sense and quick perception of the ludicrous and ridiculous, which his preeminent power of lively and graphic description enabled him to fill up the brief hour's respite from the exhaustive labors of his profession, with innocent hilarity. His narration of an anecdote was inimitable, the relation and the accompanying action always called forth a merriment which was irrepressible. Deeply and how sadly are impressed upon my memory these joyous effusions of our happy, genial and kindly brother, in which he indulged to relax a severely taxed mind, and to contribute to the enjoyment of his friends. His sunny temper communicated its brightness to all around and near him. There was a salubrity in the moral atmosphere which surrounded him, healthful to all who came within its influence. There was no frivolity in his manners or conversation. His

thoughts could be and were serious and grave, whenever occasion demanded it. I have said enough, Mr. Chairman, already to show that a great void has been created in our profession and in the social circle, by the untimely death of our lamented friend.

We all feel that his loss is irreparable — our sorrow is profound. I am not able to present a true idea of that agony of grief we all felt when the news reached us that death had sundered those golden threads of affection, which he had wound around our hearts. Our prayer should be that when the hour-glass of our lives shall have dropped its last particle of sand, and we shall have been transferred to the world which our departed friend now inhabits, that we may all be vouchsafed a happy reunion with him in the mansions of the blest.

I am able, Mr. Chairman, from personal knowledge to speak of the intellectual gifts and attainments of Clark B. Cochrane, and of his moral and religious qualities. For several years after he removed from Montgomery to Schenectady, we occupied adjoining offices in the same building, and we were associate trustees of a literary institution of which he was an alumnus.

Mr. Cochrane intellectually and professionally was no common man. By his persevering application he became a ripe juridical scholar, and by his devotion to literature and his study of forensic oratory, he was enabled to shine as an eloquent advocate. He was scholarly in his classical and literary acquirements and familiar with the purest models of composition in the English language, and especially with the finest examples of judicial and forensic eloquence to be found in the annals of the English and American courts.

His ambition aimed at the attainment of the loftiest objects of the profession. He had accomplished a high degree of excellence in both departments of professional

duty; in the argument of questions of law to the bench, and in an address to the jury upon controverted questions of fact. His addresses to the jury were earnest, animated, persuasive and effective. He possessed the magnetic power of enlisting in behalf of his client the sympathies of the jury and of inspiring them with his own ardent zeal and enthusiasm. He possessed the faculty of enlivening the dullness of a judicial trial by the sallies of his wit, and the outflowing of his good humor which never failed him. He tried his cases at the circuit with uncommon skill. He made the amplest preparations; and with his cultivated judgment and trained sagacity, he was enabled so skillfully to put in his evidence, marshal his facts and apply his principles of law as to secure for his case the most favorable impression, and to place his adversary at a great and generally fatal disadvantage.

Mr. Cochrane was a model of professional courtesy, which always springs from a benevolent heart. He was especially generous to a young adversary, frequently interposing a compliment to encourage him, and always giving him the full benefit of his objections and points, although imperfectly presented.

To his professional and intellectual attainments he added high moral and religious qualities. He acted upon the principle, that the richest treasures of the mind were powerless for good without the nobler qualities of the soul. His aim was the highest degree of moral excellence. His life enforced the truth "that to attain excellence in the law, the student must excel in virtue and grow familiar day by day with the conception of Deity himself." My young professional friends, I cannot recommend to you a more beautiful model for imitation than that of our departed friend, whose loss we now deplore. He feared God and loved his neighbor. Let us cherish his memory and endeavor to imitate his example.

Remarks of Mr. Rufus W. Peckham, Jr.:

I rise, Mr. Chairman, with a very great deal of hesitation, to say a few words upon the subject which has brought us together, after having heard the eminent men who were the companions and friends of Mr. Cochrane, dwell so eloquently upon his qualities of mind and heart. Yet, when an acknowledged leader of the bar has fallen, it seems appropriate that *all* the members of a profession which the deceased honored in his life-time, should gather around his remains, to recall his virtues, that we may all profit by his example, and pay a fitting tribute of respect to his memory. Those surviving and eminent members of our profession, who are now to be found in the same front rank once occupied by the deceased, have already paid that honor and respect to their departed brother, which his life so strongly called for. I have listened with great interest and pleasure while they dwelt with eloquence and in appropriate and truthful language, upon the legal attainments, the masculine mind, the generous character of the lamented dead. Upon those high mental qualities, I do not propose to dwell long. Those who have preceded me, his intimates and companions, have done them the justice they deserve. It is as one of the junior members of this bar, that I wish to say a few words upon those qualities of heart, that generosity of nature, that native kindliness of disposition which made him so many and such warm friends. I was not fortunate enough to enjoy the intimate friendship of Mr. Cochrane. The difference in our years was perhaps too great for that. When I was admitted to the bar, he had been engaged in the active and successful practice of his profession for many years, and had already reached that first place in its ranks which he retained until his death; yet, living in the same city, it was my good fortune to see

him almost daily, to meet him frequently in social life, and, upon some few occasions, at the bar. In this way, I acquired some opportunities of observing his general character and disposition, and it is of those that I would principally speak.

Snatched suddenly from us, while his honest and manly voice is yet ringing in our ears, we are scarcely able to realize our loss. Scarcely do we yet appreciate the fact that we shall see him no more forever. Scarcely can we yet convince ourselves that he, who but a few short weeks ago was among us full of life, and those impulses of his warm and generous heart, has gone from us never more to return. Hard it is for us to believe that between him and ourselves lies the gulf that rolls between the living and the dead.

But alas, it is true. Clark B. Cochrane is dead! dead, in the full vigor of his manly intellect! dead, in the very prime of his life! dead, before the enfeebling touch of time had withered up his frame! dead, while life was yet full of sweetness and pleasure to him! In giving evidence of our warm appreciation of his character, we do honor to ourselves.

Mr. Cochrane had been engaged in the practice of his profession for about thirty years, yet such was ever his treatment of his brethren of the bar, and especially of its junior members, that now when he has been taken from us, I venture the remark, that not one of them all has any but the kindest and most pleasant recollections of him. I do not believe that there are among the junior members, any who had the good fortune to come in contact with him, who can now recall a single instance of that assumption, arrogance, or ungenerous behavior, which a senior at the bar is sometimes apt to display towards a much younger member. Although in the conduct of a cause he had most decided views in regard to it, and was

not apt lightly to give up or alter his opinion, yet his manner at all times, both to the bench, the bar, and especially its younger members, was uniformly courteous and kind. No one could enjoy even a slight acquaintance with Mr. Cochrane, no one could see him in social intercourse when momentarily free from the cares and perplexities necessarily incident to the extensive practice of an absorbing and engrossing profession, without feeling an instinctive desire to know him better, and a full confidence that those outward signs surrounding him, were but the index of a generous and warm heart. His pleasant and genial manners we shall never forget. They were natural and native to the man, not assumed from any motives of policy or to conceal any of the workings of his heart. It required but a short acquaintance with him to feel that those manners were but the natural exponents of a generous and manly nature. Of his professional life, we all know with what an absorbing interest he devoted himself to it. Although he brought to the examination of questions of law, a fine intellect, trained and invigorated by habits of long continued study and patient thought, yet after all, that was not the form in which he delighted to use the powers of his vigorous mind. He was in his element when before a jury he had the opportunity of launching out upon the broad merits of his case, untrammeled by precedent, and free from technical objections and small points. Before that tribunal, when appealing to them in behalf of a cause he thought just, he brought into use all the powers of his mind, all the strength of his generous and manly nature. To combat fraud, to rebuke cunning, to expose dishonesty, to hold up the cause of the weak; in fine to battle for the *right* as against the *wrong*, brought out all his strength, and upon such occasions, and for such ends, he was truly eloquent. Pathos, supplication, invective, satire, irony, all were at

his command, and upon occasion flowed from his lips in tones sweet and gentle as the murmuring brook, or fierce and impetuous as the mountain torrent. To feel that he was the champion before the jury of a weak but righteous cause, that it was to him that his client looked for a vindication of a character unjustly aspersed, or for the redress of an injury too long delayed, brought out all the generous sympathy of his heart, all the resources of his active and powerful nature. He pleaded for the cause of his client with an ardor and devotion, which no hope of self-advantage ever could evoke, and enjoyed with a pure enjoyment the success of his efforts.

Such a man, enthusiastic by nature, impulsively generous, constitutionally active, would almost necessarily mingle in the political world. We accordingly find him taking sides in politics, and an ardent republican from principle. A member of the republican party from its organization, he early took the position in its ranks, to which his talents entitled him. Believing his party to be right in principle, he labored zealously and actively for its success. Yet here again we find the evidence of his generous and kindly nature. If there be any field favorable to the excitement of men's passions and the banishment of reason, it is in a close, active and hard fought political campaign. Into such a campaign Mr. Cochrane would enter with all the ardor of his nature, and do all that legitimately could be done for the success of his party. Yet, at the close of the canvass, not even a political opponent that knew him, but would be proud to call him his friend. Honest himself, in his convictions as in his habits, he yet had a broadly catholic spirit, and acknowledging the possibility of error, gave to his opponents the credit for that honesty and sincerity in their political sentiments, which formed the foundation of his own. With him, argument was the weapon, and if

unsuccessful with that, he could not descend to the degrading practice of vituperation, either as to the principles or character of an opponent. He was innately, wholly, always honest. Honest in thought, in act, in speech. Integrity he was born with, and by its constant and daily practice, kept his reputation bright and unspotted before the world, and his memory will ever shine the brighter from the addition of such an ornament. To all these qualities, Mr. Cochrane joined the beauties of the Christian character, which always adds attractions to any life.

Thus he stood when the messenger came and summoned him hence. With his armor on, in the midst of his professional labors, in the full zenith of his powers, death claimed him for its own. We who have been accustomed to see him here, and have so often heard his voice in these very halls, will feel and mourn his absence and miss his well-known form.

But the memories that cluster around his name are full of fragance, the bright example which he has left to his juniors at the bar is well worthy of emulation, and his high legal reputation one that any man be justly proud to leave behind.

He met his end bravely, calmly, peacefully. He was stricken down while seemingly in the possession of robust health, and after a brief illness, died. Such a death, so sudden, so unlooked for, is but another warning to us to be in readiness for that summons which is surely coming to us all, and is also another instance of how calmly they sleep who fall asleep in the Lord.

Hon. M. I. Townsend spoke as follows:

Mr. Chairman:

Being a non-resident of your city and county, I attended to-day to listen to the eulogies which should be

pronounced by the immediate neighbors of our idolized brother Cochrane, rather than from any purpose of personally participating in the action of this assembly. But as the door has been so kindly thrown open to his non-resident friends, I cannot hesitate to avail myself of the privilege of adding one word of tribute to his sacred memory.

I have been well acquainted with our departed friend for the last thirty years. I first met him in the field of politics. We were both young and ardent. We had both imbibed the sentiments of Jefferson, that every man however humble, was our full brother. We were both from New England, and from the lips of New England mothers had been taught those higher and warmer political doctrines explained and enforced by a greater and better than Jefferson; and it is with no ordinary pleasure, that as I bend over the grave of my deceased friend, I can remember that for thirty years we have never differed for an hour in our opinions as to what should be done to promote the well-being of the country to which we owe so much, and the happiness of the race whose blood and destinies we shared. But this is not the place or occasion to eulogize the political judgment of Mr. Cochrane. It is for an entirely different reason that I refer to this subject. I refer to his connection with politics, for the purpose of saying that his political action, like his professional life, was governed by his honest personal convictions, and was exclusively regulated and controlled by his noble loving heart. As a politician, I esteem him one of the most successful men in our state; successful not so much for the offices which he honored by his acceptance, as by the wholesome, honorable, and controlling influence which he exerted upon the political interests of Central New York for the last thirty years. A man's political success can never be

measured by his mere official position. It is the man's life and action which leave their impress upon mankind. In this our friend was eminently successful. Few men have done more to mould the political views of their fellow-men than Clark B. Cochrane, and few have left a name so pure from every stain of selfishness as he.

Under a government like ours, and in a state of society such as ours, the members of the legal profession must to a great degree mould and direct the organized action of society, and we owe it to our country and our age to mingle in politics, and whatever be our convictions as to the right and the wrong of the questions of interest which may at the time agitate the public mind, to give the influence of our talents and acquirements in favor of those measures which we believe to be most consonant with the laws of God, with the constitution of our country, and the well-being of our citizens. A man who fairly and ardently discusses questions of public interest before the people, according to the honest convictions of his mind, is a public benefactor, whether those convictions are well founded or mistaken. And for this reason I do not hesitate to say that our beloved friend, though he may in the minds of some of us be held to have been sometimes mistaken, must be esteemed by all to have been in his political life not only eminently successful, but one who in all coming time will be ranked amongst the benefactors of the race.

An extended professional acquaintance with Mr. Cochrane has ever tended to endear him to me. The same warm smile met me always. In the struggles of the profession which so often try the nerves of the most equable, I never heard a harsh or unkind word escape his lips. I think he never made an enemy, and that all who knew him will join with me in the aspiration, God bless his memory.

Hon. James T. Brady said:

Mr. Chairman:

Until after this meeting had been organized to-day, I had no knowledge that it was to assemble. By mere chance I learned that the bar was to honor the memory of a deceased brother, and, being in the vicinity, I came to unite my condolements with theirs, because I knew well and loved much the subject of their lamentations.

There was a time when a visit to Albany was certain to insure me the greatest pleasure. It continues yet to gladden me because I meet here brethren of the profession whom I esteem, and friends whom it has been my privilege to know for years. Yet melancholy attends my footsteps as I traverse places where in the walks of duty I was accustomed in by-gone days to meet other dear and cherished brethren who have passed away. When therefore of late I have entered your court room, I have looked around instinctively for those whom I have not yet learned to consider really gone from earth forever. Amidst the sadness thus awakened I derived consolation and joy when I discovered in the apartment the open, frank, kind, smiling, and intelligent face of our departed friend Cochrane. The exchanged glance, the shake of his honest hand, the sound of his genial voice made me feel the value of the present, and dispelled painful reminiscences. It pains me to realize that I am never to know that gratification again.

Mr. Webster in his famous address on the death of Jeremiah Mason, admonished his hearers that whatever may be the grandeur of man's life, "the solemn circumstance of death reduces him to his pure individuality." This thought is illustrated whenever we are called to mourn over any of our eminent brethren. It arises at this moment in our minds and hearts. Prominent as our brother Cochrane was, proud as was the position which he

deservedly held before the public, much as we admired his intellectual ability and achievements, we look beyond all these to his nature as a man, and our affection lovingly lingers around the beautiful qualities of his generous and noble heart. The recollection of these will "long keep his memory green in our souls."

I have thus spoken in poor and unconsidered phrase what I feel at this moment, in this honored presence after tributes to the deceased, to which I have listened with melancholy delight, graceful and eloquent elegies over one whom no praise could flatter. Viewing with the deepest interest the exquisite garlands thus wreathed around his name, I approach his grave with trembling steps, to lay upon it this humble flower grown within my heart.

Remarks of Hon. John K. Porter:

The deep feeling which pervades this assembly, attests the justice of the tributes to which we have been listening in honor of one whose memory we gratefully cherish. It is difficult to know what to add without marring the beauty and completeness of what has already been said. Each of our friends has spoken with an impressive and earnest eloquence, such as we were accustomed to expect from him to whose voice we shall listen no more. In the touching memorials he has left us on similar occasions, of others whose places here are vacant, we recognize as we recur to them now, the mirrored reflection of his own noble and generous nature.

Near as he was to us, there are those to whom he stood in still nearer relations. It is pleasant to remember the tender and reverent affection with which he always spoke of that aged mother, from whom he inherited the love of truth and fervor of conviction which illustrated and adorned his life. We recall his grateful appreciation

of the lessons she taught him in boyhood, at their old Joe English mountain home, and of the maternal care with which she impressed upon her children, the earnest faith and sterling virtues of that Scotch-Irish lineage of which he was so justly proud. She has passed the verge of ninety years, to be bowed now with abiding grief by the tidings that the closest tie which bound her to earth is severed, at a time when her heart is no longer a fountain either of joy or of tears. It will be grateful to her to know that the last hours of her son were cheered by the ministrations of filial love, and brightened by the hopes of immortal life. Deeply imbedded in his nature was a pervading religious sentiment, intoning his whole character, imparting fervor to each serious utterance, and leaving its imprint on every thought, purpose and act. Unobtrusive as it was, we recognized it in the purity of his life as the clear and perennial source of an ever-living and beautiful stream.

In the few words appropriate to an occasion like this, it is not easy to delineate the leading traits which were so happily blended in his character. Perhaps those which most won our affection were, his ingenuous and open nature, his hearty and generous warmth, his frank and engaging manners, his overflowing and genial humor, his healthy and manly tone of thought and his steadfast fidelity to his friends. But there were other and more striking characteristics which enabled him to command power and influence in the various relations of public, professional and social life. He was a man of rare endowments. From his youth up, he was emulous of honorable distinction; and when he left the collegiate hall, his faculties were already trained by liberal culture for the active duties of life. He devoted himself to their full development by constant and unremitting exercise, by unwearied assiduity in the acquisition of general know-

ledge, and by mastering the elementary principles of jurisprudence, as the basis of that signal success which crowned his subsequent professional career. Every year, with him, was one of intellectual growth and expansion; and when we remember that his death occurred before he had yet attained the full maturity of his powers, we are scarcely reconciled by the brilliancy of his record in the past to the disappointment of our hopes of one still more brilliant in the future. He had a high sense of the elevation and dignity of his profession. No one advanced with a surer step toward its foremost rank, or wore more worthily the honors he had already won. The temptations which often beguile the weak and the mercenary, had no attractions to allure a man like him from the path of rectitude. He maintained his integrity, free from reproach, free even from suspicion. His whole life was an open book. In what has been said by our brethren of his triumphs as an advocate, we can all unite with one accord. In that character he had few peers, here or elsewhere. Always able, always luminous, he sometimes rose to a power and eloquence almost unrivaled.

There are other phases in the life of our friend, to which we can recur with equal pride. His ardent temperament and fervor of conviction naturally enlisted him deeply in all that concerned the interest and progress of humanity. His love of justice and of liberty led him in early life to espouse opinions which did not tend to his advancement, but which brought him frequently before popular assemblies, where he maintained his views with singular force and eloquence. At a later period, a change in the course of public affairs introduced him, from time to time, into responsible positions in the state and federal councils, where his ability and weight of character gave him a commanding influence. These offices added nothing to the measure of his stature, but they extended his reputa-

tion and brought him afterward in closer contact with the people. During later years, he probably exercised a greater power over public opinion as a popular tribune, than he could have done at the state or the national capital. He was successful in attaining the ends of a just and honorable ambition. He was not one of those who recognize the measure of political elevation as the standard of intellectual achievement. It is one of the peculiarities of our form of government, that in most of its departments, it neither seeks nor secures the services of its ablest men. The studies and pursuits which lead to the highest development of the intellectual faculties tend rather to withdraw those engaged in them from the line of political promotion than to advance them to positions of honor and public trust. The time which others devote to conciliating popular favor, to forming personal connections and organizing political combinations, they need for the labors of the library, the lyceum, the college hall, the pulpit, the press or the court room. They are compelled, as the heads of families, to dedicate to pursuits in which learning and capacity are rewarded, those services which it is the policy of the government to secure at the cheapest rate, from such as are able and willing to serve. To this general rule there have been many brilliant exceptions; and we recognize them in the lustre they have shed on our annals. It is not to be denied, however, that our greatest offices are rarely filled by our greatest men. Many of the leaders of thought and action in their day and generation have been those who were never called to places of high distinction. Men of eminent worth and ability, whatever their positions in the varied allotments of public and social life, are always felt, and usually recognized in their power and their influence, their words and their works. They raise to a higher elevation the plane of general opinion. They educate others and are edu-

cated in their turn by contact and sympathy with the people. They assist in moulding the public judgment; they are familiar with the wants and capabilities of the masses; they originate public measures, and promote enterprises which concern the welfare of the state, the honor of the country and the general interests of humanity. They guide youthful ambition to noble ends, and elevate the moral tone of their brethren, their compeers and the communities in which they reside.

In this, as in other aspects of his life, his services and his influence, Mr. Cochrane's name is worthy of special and honorable remembrance. With varied attainments, as a scholar, and with abilities as a writer and a speaker, which would have dishonored no office in the popular gift, he dedicated them in every position, whether public or private, with unwavering fidelity to the attainment of worthy ends by honorable means. He was true to his convictions of right and to the obligations of family, of friendship and affection. He was true to his clients, to his brethren, to the honor of the profession he adorned, and to the great interests of public justice. He remembered his duty as a citizen to his country, and as a man to his brother man. He contributed to the utmost of his abilities to the prosperity of our city, to the honor of the state and to the stabilities of the government.

It is to be regretted that we have not, in a reported form, some of his more memorable jury arguments, instinct as they were with glowing thought in glowing language, fresh and warm from the heart. We can all recall occasions when we felt that his words as they fell from his lips, were worthy of a place in the classics of forensic literature. There was a charm in the fervor of his unpremeditated utterances, which we sometimes miss in his more elaborate productions. Some of these which have been preserved in an enduring form, will be read

with interest in after time. His legislative and congressional speeches secured for him a state and national reputation. His admirable address at the centennial celebration in New Boston, finished like the work of the sculptor, and yet warm with breathing life, is entitled to rank among the master-pieces of scholastic beauty and eloquence.

Though he was the senior of most of us in years, we shall always associate his name with youthful memories. He was one of those who never seem to grow old; and if he had reached the limit of three-score years and ten, he would still have retained the ardor and freshness of youth. There are those whose interest in earth ceases as it fades from view in the last days of ebbing life; but the heart of Clark B. Cochrane was warm down to its last pulsation. If it had been within his power, what a rich heritage of sunshine and joy he would have left to those he loved, though he was to look upon their faces no more. It will be good for us if he has left on our characters and lives something of the impress of his own. The influence of such a man outlives him. It is like the light which overflows the day.

Mr. John W. McNamara spoke as follows:

Mr. Chairman:

I cannot refrain from placing, as it were, my simple flower upon the grave of him whose loss we mourn. I rise not to pronounce a eulogy. To those who knew him, a eulogy is unnecessary; to those who knew him not, no words that I can utter are adequate to convey an idea of what he really was. When he first came to the city, I was a student, and as a student admired him for the ability, the originality and the fairness with which he presented his cases to court and jury. I always con-

sidered him a model advocate — a model which I have not ceased to study.

After I was admitted I met him often, and during the past two years I have had the pleasure of being associated with him in several cases in which he was counsel, one of which he and I together prepared just before he was prostrated by his last illness. The respect which I entertained for him by simply seeing and hearing him in court, ripened into love when I became acquainted with him and enjoyed his confidence and friendship.

The able gentlemen who have preceded me have expressed, in language worthy of the theme, the leading qualities of our brother's character. He was a Christian, not only by profession, but in his every day life. He always felt his responsibility and endeavored to do his duty. He intended so to live as to be worthy when called to account.

At a meeting of the bar, held less than three years ago, speaking of the death of another he said:

"Providence, by this event, is teaching a practical lesson to us all. We are again admonished how feeble and uncertain is our hold on life. That as our brother was cut down in mid career, so some of us may be. That as his work is done, so ours soon will be. Let us not murmur at the thought, but so meet and discharge what remains of life's labors and duties, that when called to give up our account we shall leave behind us such a record of good living and a memory so pure and fragrant, that if any of our friends shall desire to speak a word in our praise, the duty will be a pleasant and grateful one."

We have learned that he was prepared to give up his account, and we know that he so met and discharged life's labors and duties, as to leave behind him a record of good living, and a memory so pure and fragrant that

to speak of him is a pleasant and grateful duty. How pleasant the thought, on this mournful occasion, that Clark B. Cochrane *still lives*. That although the tenement is destroyed, the tenant has gone to inhabit "a house not made with hands," where he will live forever.

The following letters, received by the committee appointed to call the meeting of the bar, were then read:

SCHENECTADY, 13*th March*, 1867.

Hon. Deodatus Wright, chairman, &c.

Dear sir:

I am in the receipt of your invitation to attend a meeting of the Albany bar, to testify their respect for the Hon. Clark B. Cochrane. My having once united with the bar of this city for the same object would not prevent my repeating the tribute. I shall be prevented by an appointment which I cannot forego. And were I present with you, as I desire to be, I should be compelled to remain a silent witness of your proceedings. My sorrow at the loss of one who has been so long, so confidentially, so intimately associated with me in the business relations of life, and whose intimate friendship I enjoyed until his death, so overcomes my whole spirit, that in an attempt to pay an appropriate tribute to his memory, I should fail to do justice to myself, much more to him.

United as we were professionally for some five years; united by the strongest ties of intimate companionship, of friendship, and of confidence; united in many of the common sympathies of our nature; possessing the same views of national and political interests and duties;

the same love of liberty and hatred of oppression; and ever relying on him as I did, to give such sentiments full demonstration which he possessed such ample and effective power to express; I feel a sense of individual and private loss, an overwhelming grief, which I have no power of words to make known.

But the loss of our friend is to every other member of the bar to whom he was known, alike a private loss in greater or less degree. Who that remembers a social circle of which our friend was one, that did not find him the attractive centre? Who that remembers his genial nature, his kindness of heart, his unselfish disposition, that does not mourn the loss of a beloved friend?

Nor is it alone for his social virtues, his goodness of heart, his unwavering kindness in all the private relations of life, his being so richly endowed with qualities that rendered him valuable as a friend and companion, that his death will be mourned. His loss will be mourned also by the public, and his death be regarded as a public calamity. In the councils of the state and of the nation, at this crisis, his services would be invaluable. In the full meridian of his life, in the full maturity of his intellect, standing among the strong columns of his country's support, in the plenitude of his usefulness, in his readiness to impart wise counsels, he has been struck down by death's inexorable fiat. Few among his survivors could have been more useful at this great crisis; few possess in a higher degree the public confidence, or better capacity and disposition to lead, or to control men or public sentiment. He was honest, fervent, patriotic, eloquent. On the public forums, in the national and state legislatures, in all public stations, he was looked up to as a leader. In the great questions that have convulsed this nation; in the struggles for the rights of a common humanity, between civilization and barbar-

ism, between law and lawlessness, between liberty and oppression, between freedom and slavery, few men possessed the power to strike more effective blows for the right; to rouse patriotic sentiment to a higher enthusiasm, or to nerve the brave to a nobler and more determined energy than Mr. Cochrane.

His great theatre of power was the jury box. There his influence was most remarkable. Imbuing himself fully with the spirit of his case, assuming his client's wrongs to be redressed as real; transfusing his own feelings into the minds of the jury; not by studied sentences, or by cold and polished periods, but by an earnest zeal, and by a kind of mesmeric influence in which the emotions of his own heart were the main instruments of power, his success was marked and decided.

He commenced his professional life without the adventitious aids of family or wealth; he rose to eminence at the bar, and in the councils of the state and nation by his own energy and talents. Few men under like adverse circumstances have risen to higher positions of respect, of usefulness and of honor; few have left a deeper impress upon the public mind, and no one a deeper impress upon the hearts and affections of his professional brethren than Mr. Cochrane. I do not use these words as mere formal praise, or by any means to flatter that cold, silent dust which cannot hear the voice of him who utters them; upon whom his loss falls with such a crushing weight of sorrow. Time only can mitigate, chasten and sanctify this affliction. That genial nature: that eloquent tongue, now sleeps in that cold embrace which waits to infold us all. A half century of winters' snows only had passed over his head when we are called upon, and by our silent tears to say, in thought, though so honored and beloved, he has filled his earthly destiny.

These are briefly a few of the leading traits of character,

and the expression of my own feelings, of this self-made, warm-hearted, noble-minded man. To us, short-sighted mortals, the ways of Providence in thus calling from us this valued friend, seems mysterious, and in it we realize the solemn truth:

"Death loves a shining mark."

He died in the prime of manhood, and we rejoice to say, with a Christian's hope. While we cannot repress our private grief at his loss, let us not question the wisdom of him who orders all these mysterious events, nor murmur or complain under his chastening rod because we cannot comprehend the reason.

"Behind a frowning Providence
He hides a smiling face."

Truly yours,

PLATT POTTER.

TROY, 13*th March*, 1867.

The Hon. Deodatus Wright, chairman committee of Albany bar.

Sir:

I have just received your invitation to attend the meeting of the profession, on Saturday next, to testify their respect for brother Cochrane.

I very sincerely regret, that an engagement of long standing, and which involves the attendance of a large number of witnesses from a distance, absolutely prevents my being present on that occasion.

A long and familiar acquaintance with Mr. Cochrane had taught me to appreciate very highly his professional

tact and ability, and his genial temper and kindness of heart; and esteeming him thus, I was unwilling to believe that his condition was so hopeless, as I was told. The announcement of his death — though not a surprise — was a severe shock to my feelings, and the sad event still seems the sudden smiting down of manhood in its prime; the untimely extinguishing of high intellect and eminent professional ability. I should be gratified to be able to be present and add my tribute to his memory; and I should certainly do so, but for the engagement I have named.

Very respectfully, yours,

George Gould.

Saratoga Springs, *March 13th*, 1867.

The Hon. D. Wright, chairman, &c.,

I very much regret my inability to meet with the members of the Albany bar on the 16th inst., in respect for our deceased brother Clark B. Cochrane.

Long, intimate, and I may say confidential relations with Mr. Cochrane had endeared him to me by the strongest ties of affection.

All loved him for his genial and manly qualities pure as truth itself, and admired him for his learning, eloquence and patriotic devotion.

In verity, a loved one has passed from our midst.

Yours, &c.,

A. Bockes.

HUDSON, *March 15th*, 1867.

D. Wright, Esq., chairman, &c.,

Dear sir:

I regret exceedingly that an official engagement for to-morrow will place it beyond my power to unite with the members of the Albany bar in a tribute of respect to our deceased friend and professional brother, Clark B. Cochrane.

It was my good fortune to have made Mr. Cochrane's acquaintance at an early day in my professional life, and I have from that period entertained for him great personal regard and a high estimate of his talents and character.

I considered him as a man of brilliant intellect and extensive attainments in the profession. As an advocate he was eloquent, effective and successful, and had few if any superiors. Some of his efforts at the circuit, to which I have listened with great pleasure and satisfaction, were equal to any thing of the kind which I have ever heard. He possessed a remarkable faculty of touching the springs of human action and of reaching the hearts of men, and in all the departments of the law exhibited a high order of ability. He was manly, frank and kind-hearted in all his relations, and eminent and distinguished as he was at the bar, he was equally remarkable for his stern integrity and high sense of honor in private life.

The name and fame of Clark B. Cochrane will be cherished by hosts of friends who admired his talents and appreciated his private virtues.

It is peculiarly fitting that his surviving associates in the walks of the profession to which he was devoted, and which engrossed the earnest efforts of a consider-

able portion of his life, should pay proper respect to his memory, and, although I am unavoidably deprived of the melancholy pleasure of participating in their proceedings, they have my cordial sympathy and approval.

With great respect,

I am yours &c.,

THEODORE MILLER.

On motion, Hamilton Harris, John K. Porter, Lyman Tremain, Amasa J. Parker, Alexander S. Johnson, were appointed a committee to prepare a suitable memorial to the memory of their deceased brother. And the meeting then adjourned.

R. W. PECKHAM,
Chairman.

W. C. MCHARG,
LEONARD KIP,
} Secretaries.

PROCEEDINGS OF ST. ANDREW'S SOCIETY.

AT a special meeting of the St. Andrew's Society of the city of Albany, held March 7, the following resolutions were unanimously adopted:

Resolved, That our hearts are profoundly affected by the death of our friend and brother, the Hon. Clark B. Cochrane. He possessed all the elements of character calculated to endear him to his friends and fellow-citizens. As a husband, father, legislator, counselor and Christian gentleman, he stood preeminent and blameless. His love for his native land was that of a pure patriot, while his veneration for the land of his ancestors found development and expression in his thorough knowledge of its literature, and in his own genial and noble life.

Resolved, That by his death this society has lost one of its most honored members and the city and state one of their most gifted and beloved sons.

Resolved, That we will attend his funeral.

Resolved, That these resolutions be entered on the minutes of the society, and that a copy be transmitted to his bereaved daughter, as an expression of our sympathy with her in this hour of her deep sorrow.

DONALD MCDONALD, 1st Vice Pres't.

PETER KINNEAR, Secretary.

MR. COCHRANE'S ADDRESS

DELIVERED AT THE

CENTENNIAL CELEBRATION OF THE INCORPORATION OF NEW BOSTON, NEW HAMPSHIRE, JULY 4, 1863.

THERE is a sentiment in the human heart answering to the summons which brings us to this feast of memory. We gather at this centre of interest and friendship, from distant homes and varied lines of life, in obedience to a common instinct of our nature. Attachment to the place of birth, the scenes of childhood, the home of kindred and the burial grounds of our fathers, springs from an affection inherent in our humanity. As the exhausted tides, by an irresistible law of nature, roll back to their ocean home, so through their deepest channels the warm and wearied currents of the soul return to the associations, the play grounds, the companions of early years. When the patriarch Joseph, looking to the promised exodus, though wearing the second honors of Egypt, gave his brethren "commandment concerning his bones," he did but express a desire instinctive and common to mankind under all conditions and in every age.

> "Breathes there the man with soul so dead,
> Who never to himself hath said,
> This is my own, my native land!
> Whose heart hath ne'er within him burned,
> As home his footsteps he hath turned,
> From wandering on a foreign strand!"

You, who have continued to occupy the old domain and

inherit the paternal soil, have never felt and therefore cannot appreciate the power of those ties which link the heart of the emigrant to the home of his youth. It is recorded of Abraham as a test of eminent faith, that when the command came, "Get thee out of thy country and from thy kindred and from thy father's house," he "departed as the Lord had spoken." It is the wanderer whose dreams are of the "fireside afar." 'Tis in the land of strangers, remote from former friends, away from all that had been loved and left behind, in the distant pursuits of fortune or fame, and amid the perplexities of trade, the exhaustion of mind, the disappointments, toils and tumults of hurried life, that our thoughts dwell in the past and our weary spirits pant for the green fields of youth, and the spring time of life.

With us, from whom the bloom and blessings of young existence have long since departed, the memory of its scenes, the attachments it formed, the places it loved, and the objects it cherished, retain a freshness and power which years and absence serve only to increase.

> "Time but the impression deeper makes,
> As streams their channels deeper wear."

As the dreary winds and falling leaves of autumn, force a sigh for the balmy air and vernal glories of the opening year, so the weariness and burdens of ripening age, drive our thoughts back to the sunny season of youth and hope, when exempt from cares and sheltered by a mother's love, the present had no sorrows, and to the eye of young ambition, the future no clouds.

> "Who has not felt how growing use endears,
> The fond remembrance of our former years;
> Who has not sighed when doomed to leave at last,
> The hopes of youth, the habits of the past,

> The thousand ties and interests that impart
> A second nature to the human heart,
> And wreathing round it close, like tendrils climb,
> Blooming with age and sanctified by time."

The present is an opportunity long wished for — at length enjoyed. We are here for no purpose of gain or ambition, to inaugurate no enterprise which might hold out to the greedy eye of capital promised returns of wealth and power, we come to contend for none of those glittering but delusive prizes which tempt the feet of this world's votaries to the arena of discord and strife. Far different is our mission — ours is a pilgrimage of the heart — an errand of friendship — the presentation of a united social offering to the homes and the days of "Lang Syne." The selfish passions of the soul are left behind, and all its nobler impulses, all its kindlier sensibilities are called into highest activity.

It would be difficult to imagine an occasion which, for us, could possess greater interest.

New Boston, our native town, the home we loved and left, has made a banquet for her absent children, and we are here. Driving along the distant avenues and dusty ways of life, we heard the mother's call, and we have hurried home to partake of her hospitality and receive her grateful welcome.

Fellow townsmen, neighbors, kinsmen, friends, we thank you for this public expression of your kind remembrance, for this most generous greeting, this grand and affectionate reception — for this "feast of reason and flow of soul." The table which you have with so much liberality spread before us, is wanting in no luxury which may tempt the social appetite. Decked and perfumed with the choicest flowers of memory, sparkling with nectar which the gods yield only to the lips of earliest and truest friendships, and twined with evergreens con-

necting the present with a cherished past, we approach it as the one entertainment, the crowning festival of our lives.

After long years of separation and varied vicissitudes, we meet again at the place from whence we went out. We parted as friends, as friends we meet; we left in the bloom of life and hope, we return faded by time and worn by cares. Our several ways have led us in widely divergent lines. Our lots have been cast in places remote from you and from each other. But neither absence or distance, prosperity or adversity, successes or disappointments have served to wean our hearts from the friends and firesides we left behind, or make us forget the woods and the streams, the hills and the valleys, the rocks and the glens with which we communed when life was new. From the western prairies, from the shores of the great lakes, from the valley of the Hudson, from the commercial metropolis of the continent, from the cities and villages of the Atlantic seaboard, from the manufacturing towns and along the rivers and among the mountains of our own New England, animated with one spirit and impelled by a single impulse, we have hastened to join this reunion of kindred hearts, and here, at the common source of our several life-streams, once more drink together at the pure fountains of childhood, and renew our strength for what remains of life's battle amid the bracing air and among the bracing friends of our rocky home.

The circumstances under which we are reassembled are peculiarly happy in their combination, and are such as can rarely occur in the history of any local community. The day, the year, the preparation, the gathering, the scene, all unite in crowding within the limits of a few passing hours the highest social pleasures, the most hallowed recollections of a life time.

It is, indeed, a genial and joyous occasion — a grateful

halting place by the wayside of life — a green spot to which we gladly turn aside from the heated and bustling ways over which we are driven along, to pass a brief season in fraternal salutations, in happy greetings, in pleasant and cheerful intercourse, to meet old friends and revive former friendships, to recall the innocent sports, the delightful scenes, the genial memories of early years; to inquire of you and of each other how it has fared with us during these many years of separation; what joys, what sorrows, what successes, what reverses, what lights and what shadows have checkered life.

As the present is a time for gladness, so also it is a time for retrospect and gratitude, as well. We rejoice at the multiplied evidences of your prosperity — that the ancient character of the old town for industry, enterprise, hospitality and intelligence has sustained no detriment at your hands. If you have received from us a less revenue of honor and credit than you had reason to expect, you can not justly reproach us with having brought upon the names we bear or the lineage we claim, the taint of disgrace or dishonor. Between you who have remained and us who have returned let there be the full flow of fraternal fellowship and generous gratulations, chastened by a grateful sense that whatever of good fortune has attended either, is due to that benignant Being, who "tempers the winds to the shorn lamb," and who, of all true, good and right living, is at once "The friend, inspirer, guardian, and reward."

Since coming among you, we have not failed to make the most of time and opportunity — we have lived youth over again. Leaving age and cares, we have gone back into the past. We have reveled in a full harvest of familiar scenes and animating recollections.

The earth and air are fragrant with childhood memories. The noise of rural industry, the lowing of herds,

the murmur of streams, the hum of bees, the varied song of birds, the drum of the partridge and the voice of the whip-poor-will, sounds which mingled with life's earliest dreams, have been again heard among our native hills. We have stood and gazed upward, once more, full in the face of old Jo. English, whose stately form and solemn features impressed our infant thoughts, and whose rugged ascent and airy summit first tempted the ambitious adventures of our boyhood. We have again followed the famous Piscataquog, still winding its resolute way through the heart of the old township, reminding us, at every turn, of "home and friends and that sweet time," when, boys together, we listened to its music, bathed in its waters and played along its banks. Nor have we forgotten the Meeting House Common or the sandy slope in front of the Hall, where, on training days, the New Boston Artillery, now an institution of the past, with measured tread, martial airs and nodding plumes, was accustomed to parade, taking captive our eager hearts and stirring our young spirits to envy and admiration. We have again labored up the sides of the old "hill pastures," on every square rod of which, when boys at home, we had brushed the dew with our bare and battered feet, and amid whose endless perplexities of heap and hollow, rock, stub, thistle, bush, brake and fern, in hunting the cattle, or attempting to head off some antic horse or provoking steer, our young tempers had been subjected to sorest trial. We have been to the school house to see once more the oft-remembered grounds, where with merry voices we had so often gamed and frolicked, when "playful children just let loose from school"—to the gray church yard, through whose solemn gateway, during these long years of absence, have been borne, one after another, the remains of those whom, in life, we had known and loved, to mingle with the kindred dust of three generations of our forefathers; have gazed

upon the same sky which bent over us in infancy, still floating the summer clouds, in whose fleeting shadows, emblems of human life and glory, we accept in age the lessons rejected in youth. Have mused where once we played, light of heart, beside the "story telling glens and founts and brooks." Have looked out upon the same grand old woods; upon the fields smiling in the same variegated garniture; upon

> "The orchard, the meadow, the deep-tangled wildwood,
> And every loved spot that our infancy knew."
>
> The wide-spreading pond and the mill that stood by it,
> The bridge and the rock where the cataract fell,
> The cot of our father, the dairy-house by it,
> And e'en the rude bucket that hung in the well."

Turning from "all the landscape smiling near," familiar objects still remain, to which distance lends enchantment.

Within the ample circle marked by the horizon — the grand and diversified panorama, the first, upon which we lifted our eyes — there's no feature we do not recognize — not a picture, not a group we do not recall — familiar friends, old acquaintances all. Yonder, unchanged by time, the Uncanoonucks, sisters of one birth, still lifting their graceful forms to the clouds, stand as when we first beheld them, the same faithful sentinels at the gates of the morning. From the stormy north old Kearsearge, guarding the approaches to the enchanted regions of the White Hills, heaves as of old his huge and granite shoulders high in air. Towards the quarter whence cometh the summer shower, the same lofty pile still arrests the eye, as when driving our father's team afield, we saw the thunder cloud break and recoil from the assault upon his forked summit. Standing out against the evening sky is seen the same mellow outline of hills behind which, when we were young, the sun, as now, went down to

rest, drawing after him the same unfading curtains of purple and gold; while away in the hazy distance beyond grand Monadnock towering upward in silent and solitary grandeur, bares, as of yore, his undaunted and imperial head to the bolting artillery of the skies. To the south the green slopes and wooded ridges of Mount Vernon, the plains of Amherst, the pine forests of Merrimack, now as formerly, sleep in peaceful repose and blending with the less distinct landscape beyond, form a picture of rare and quiet beauty as it stretches outward and onward towards the sea.

> "O, nature, how in every charm supreme,
> Whose votaries feast on raptures ever new,
> O, for the voice and fire of Seraphim,
> To sing thy glories with devotion due."

Such are the external scenes and surroundings from which the sons and daughters of New Boston drew their early inspiration, and under the influences of which were shaped and tempered the elements of their growth and character. Nature rarely fails to impress something of her own features upon the children whom she nourishes upon her bosom.

Where the earth rises to meet the heavens, where cataracts foam and the waters leap, where, above the herds that graze, and the fields that bloom in the valleys below, the eagle wheels to his home in the cliffs, 'tis there, other conditions being equal, that the soul most surely "looks up through nature to nature's God;" that the seed of liberty and virtue take readiest and firmest root, and the abodes of men are safest from violence and plunder.

> "Nature, we owe thee much if we have felt
> Aught of the firm resolve or wish sublime,
> 'Tis that we drank from thee the heavenly draught,
> And gave thy moral image to the world."

Peculiarly gratifying as are the circumstances under which we meet, though fraught with so much of traditional interest and social inspiration, the occasion is not free from suggestions of sadness. Of those, who have gone out from among you within the memory of the present generation a part only have returned. Some who had hoped to mingle in our festivities have been providentially prevented. Others whose address was unknown or uncertain have failed of notice. Many, very many, have passed beyond the call of earthly friendships. As well among us who left as you who remained, death has done its inevitable work. Since last we met, who of us all has not lost a friend? Of all the family circles to which we claim kindred, what one has remained unbroken? Some have passed away in the bright morning of hope and promise, others have fallen in the strength and noon of life and labor — in the case of a few, the silver cord has remained unloosed until the eye became dim and the grasshopper a burden.

How few of the fathers and mothers who bowed at these altars and worshiped in this mountain, when we were young, are here to greet us to-day!

It is not our purpose to obtrude upon the pleasures of this festive season, the memory of private griefs or individual sorrow, of which we have all had our allotted share, or say aught that might open those heart-wounds over which time has passed his kind and healing hand. But there is one bereavement in which we all equally share, a public sorrows for the loss of one in whom, while living we found a common friend and father, which forces itself upon our attention, and claims from the passing hour a tribute of filial recognition. To this our social jubilee the charm of his presence is wanting. We miss his genial smile, the cordial grasp of his hand, his words of affectionate welcome, his parental benediction. Assem-

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bled to mark an era and commemorate so much that is local and interesting in our history as a community, it is impossible not to recur to the name of one, whose memory, fragrant with a thousand grateful recollections, looks out upon us from every whispering tree and ancient pathway like a living presence, reminding us of the plastic and moulding genius, that seized upon the elements of youthful character and gave them the touch and tone of virtuous manhood and womanly grace, evolving fresh vigor as the years have waned. For a period of forty years, embracing two-fifths of the century now closing, he moved among his people their acknowledged head, teacher and guide, a living exemplar of whatever is pure and excellent in moral and Christian living. To advance your social prosperity, your educational interests and secure the present and eternal well-being of yourselves and your children, was the unselfish burden of his heart, the labor of his life. Faithful to every duty, public and private, failing in attention to no class or condition, with a wise reference to the great truth in the economy of growth, that upon the seed time depends the future harvest; he took especial interest in the training and education of the young. How vividly do we recall his periodical visitations to the district schools — regularly occurring at the beginning and again at the close of each term; they were the events of our school-day years; with what anxious carefulness of preparation, with what lively emotions of anticipated pleasure we awaited his coming. The young eyes turning, in spite of rules, a sly glance through the window, lighted up with new animation as they saw his approach — expectation stood on tiptoe as the well-known knock was heard at the door, and the whole school rose to welcome with the affectionate homage of their obeisance the advent of a recognized benefactor and friend. No merited praise was withheld, and

criticism, when required, was administered with wisdom and charity. He brought a kind word for all — assurance of reward for the diligent, encouragement for the backward, hope for the timid, a sure return of happiness for the good, and to the young aspirings of those of brightest promise, though clad in homeliest garb, were held up the attractive awards of future eminence and success. The performance of his parochial duties was without partiality. In visiting the homes of the more affluent he passed not by the dwellings of the poor. In both he was equally at home and equally welcome. His words always fitly spoken were as "apples of gold in pictures of silver" and "as nails fastened by the masters of assemblies." When the ear heard him then it blessed him, and when the eye saw him it gave witness to him.

Unto him men gave ear, and, waited, and kept silence at his counsel. They waited for him as for the rain, and they opened their mouth wide as for the latter rain.

In the house of gladness his presence and chastened vivacity seemed but to highten every innocent pleasure, and to the house of sickness and mourning he hastened to bear from his Master, precious words of mercy and consolation — words which few knew so well how to administer.

> "At church, with meek and unaffected grace,
> His looks adorned the venerable place;
> Truth from his lips prevailed with double sway,
> And fools who came to scoff, remained to pray."

Possessed of a mind richly endowed by nature and cultivation, of conversational powers of rarest fascination, added to a presence, at once agreeable and commanding, he took rank from the first among the most gifted and intellectual of his cotemporaries. Though eminently qualified for success in situations affording broader range for

intellectual activity and display, he was content to complete the measure of his life and ministry in the less ambitious field to which he was first called, and at last, be laid to rest among the people to whom his youthful strength, and his earliest and only vows were given.

Venerable man! "none knew him but to love him, none named him but to praise,"— and so long as the Christian faith shall preserve this tabernacle and here maintain an altar, the name of Ephraim Putnam Bradford shall live in the affectionate memory of men.

We have met, fellow townsmen, for a historic as well as social purpose — to chronicle events while we glean in the field of recollection — to pause in the rapid round of years, review the past and make a record — to witness the closing scenes of a dying century, and raise a monument and trace upon it a brief inscription to its memory. Though the range of immediate inquiry is narrow and special, the task of its examination which we propose to ourselves on this occasion, is not devoid of general interest. The records of states and nations are made up from local and partial annals. From out just such materials as the threads and fragments, which the people of New Boston this day "rescue from the common decay," the historic muse weaves with cunning hand the variegated web of the ages.

The events connected with the first settlement of New Boston about the year 1733, and its incorporation thirty years later by the provincial government of New Hampshire, carry us back to an age in which the great thought of separate nationality had not been conceived, and far into the colonial period of American history, to a time when our judges sat in the ermine of Westminster Hall, and governors and magistrates ruled by commissions from the crown, when men were yet strong who had triumphed with Marlborough at Blenheim and Ramillies, and our

martial ancestors celebrated in scarlet uniforms the imperishable anniversaries in the calendar of British glory — to a period before the French empire in America had been dissolved in the shock of battle on the plains of Abraham, or the brave Scottish clans who welcomed Charles Edward to the Highlands, had seen the last hope of the house of Stuart perish on the field of Culloden.

Men and generations pass away, but society and the race continue, and the cause of human progress and civilization, events and their logic, march steadily forward. Youth is renewed at the grave of age, and over the ruins of universal death new and better forms of life perpetually spring.

Our origin as a community is involved in no obscurity. It is traceable in plain history, not in uncertain fable. In nationality, it was Scotch; in Christianity, Protestant; in theology, Calvinistic; in sect, Presbyterian. We trace the well-marked line of descent and emigration backward, first to Londonderry, New Hampshire, thence to the counties of Londonderry and Antrim, in the north of Ireland, and from thence to Argyleshire and Ayrshire, its source, in the west of Scotland.

Than ours, few communities can claim a worthier genealogy or trace a nobler ancestral record. Though compelled to force subsistence from a reluctant soil, though inhabiting a land encircled by wintry seas, piled with mountains, roaring with torrents and wrapt in storms, the Scottish race have achieved results and attained a rank which have challenged the respect and admiration of the world. From external fortune was fashioned the interior character, and both were of iron. Emerging in advance of most of the countries of Europe, from out the barbarism of the middle ages, Scotland has continued for more than seven centuries a historic and civilizing power among the nations of the earth. Like her national

"thistle," blooming for her friends and bristling to her enemies, in every period of her history, she has been true to her motto,

"*Nemo me impune lacessit.*"

As the "ever green pine" of Clan Alpine, moored in the "rifted rock proof to the tempest shock," she still abides in immortal youth, with eye undimmed and strength unabated, bearing "length of days in her right hand, and in her left hand, riches and honor." In literature, science and philosophy, notwithstanding her comparatively small population, the array of brilliant names she has given to the world is excelled by no country, ancient or modern.

From the Tweed to the Orkneys, and from the frith of Tay to Loch Shiel, there is no rood of ground which the pen of her gifted sons has not made classical. The yearly pilgrimages made by poets, scholars and tourists to the various objects of natural grandeur and beauty with which Scotland abounds, are but the homage which taste and learning annually pay to the genius of Burns, of Scott, of Wilson and Macaulay, who, in deathless song and matchless prose have invested the estuaries and lochs, the mountains and glens, the banks and braes, the "heathy moors and winding vales" of our father-land with life and enchantment. Katrine and Loch Lomond, Benvenue and Benan, the "Sweeping Nith," and "Bonny Doon," glowing afar in the attractions of romance, will carry down to remotest time the names which have made them immortal.

The rigors of climate, the severities of labor, the protracted conflicts to which they have been subjected, and through which as well as over which they have triumphed, joined to native force of intellect and a stern Christian faith, have given character to the Scotch and enabled

them to exhibit, in every condition and under all vicissitudes of fortune, those combined qualities of valor, energy, intelligence, constancy and self-command which create success and exempt nations and individuals alike from the possibilities of failure. It need therefore excite no surprise that the inhospitable shores, the bleak mountains, the rocky soil and the rugged primeval forests of New England had no terrors for and presented no obstacles to our hardy ancestors. They came to their work of settlement and empire with fearless hearts and resolute hands, trusting alone in the favor of Heaven and their own strong arms for success.

Upon the death of Elizabeth, in 1603, James the First of England and Sixth of Scotland succeeded to the British throne. During the early period of his reign, he directed his attention to the improvement and reformation of Ireland. The cruel and barbarous customs, which had prevailed among the aboriginal inhabitants, were abolished, and the English laws, with courts for their administration, were substituted in their stead. Upon the suppression of a revolt, which had been raised against his authority, the insurrectionary district, embracing the province of Ulster, by attainder of the rebel chiefs, reverted to the crown. Liberal grants of the forfeited lands were made to companies formed in London, in aid of the royal scheme of securing the permanent pacification of the insurgent district by the introduction of emigrants from England and Scotland. Under the encouraging auspices of the crown, the process of colonization went rapidly forward. Industry and the arts went with the colonists. The effect produced by the introduction of the new element among the native material soon vindicated the wisdom of the enterprise. Violence and crime diminished, and the country began at once to assume the appearance of comparative order and civilization. The

rebellion had left the ancient city of Derry in ruins. With a view to its reconstruction, the site upon which it had stood, together with six thousand acres of adjacent lands, were granted to the city of London in its corporate capacity, whence the old city and county of Derry received the name of Londonderry. Emigrants from Scotland, companies of whom began to arrive as early as 1612, settled in the counties of Londonderry and Antrim, which thus became for a long and eventful period, the home of our ancestors. During the three following reigns and including the period of the commonwealth, the colonists in Ireland continued to receive, from time to time, large accessions to their numbers from among their kindred and countrymen from England and Scotland. So that, at the commencement of the memorable struggle of 1688, which resulted in the complete dethronement of James the Second, and his final expulsion from the British Islands, the Protestants of Ulster had become, not indeed numerically, but by reason of superior energy, skill and intelligence, the dominant and controlling class in the north of Ireland. Throughout that renowned contest of arms, their zeal, endurance and intrepidity have never been surpassed. To their long and heroic defense of Londonderry, by which the French and Irish army was for months baffled and delayed, and before which it finally rolled back over the line of its advance, broken and demoralized, the cause of freedom and Christian civilization is in no small degree indebted for the success of that most auspicious and happy of revolutions which brought William of Orange and Mary to the throne.

Subsequent to this event and a little less than thirty years thereafter, one hundred and twenty families of Scotch descent, from the counties before mentioned, among whom were many who had witnessed and some

who had participated in the memorable siege, prompted chiefly by the hope of securing a larger measure of civil and religious liberty, prepared to bid a final adieu to the old world and try their fortune in the new.

They left the shores of Ireland in five ships, and arrived at Boston, Aug. 4th, 1718. Sixteen of these families having obtained, from the authorities of Massachusetts, leave to locate upon any of the unappropriated lands under the jurisdiction of that province, a township of twelve miles square, proceeded during the autumn to Casco bay, with the design of settling in the neighborhood of what is now Portland; if, upon view, a satisfactory location should be found. The expedition proved unsuccessful. After passing, in the harbor of Falmouth, a winter of unusual severity, through which they were subjected to extreme suffering, both from cold and hunger, they started upon their return on the first opening of spring, and coasting westward, entered the mouth of the Merrimack, and ascending it to the head of navigation, landed at Haverhill, then a frontier town, on the 2d of April, 1719. At this place, flattering representations were made to them of a tract of country lying but a few miles northerly, to which, by reason of the abundance and variety of nuts found there, had been given the name of Nutfield. Thither the impatient adventurers, without delay, bent their weary but still resolute steps, and on the 11th of April rested upon the soil of our then future Londonderry. It was the time of spring. Nature, throughout all her myriad arteries, was throbbing with the tides of returning life. The wild grass was springing in the narrow glades and along the margin of the streams, the forests of sturdy growth, swelling with preparation, were just ready to burst into verdure — and every living thing that had a voice joined in a general chorus of welcome to the vernal year. It was the season of hope,

and the scene was one of gladness. Here the little company of emigrants, weak in numbers but strong in spirit, at once determined to locate their grant and build their homes. Committing themselves and their infant enterprise to the keeping of that Being in whom they reverently trusted, they went to the work assigned them with a faith that never faltered and with hands that never tired.

Had the acquisition of fame been the end at which they aimed, their aspirations must have been fully satisfied could they have seen the distinguished position they were destined to occupy in the domain of history. But such was not the ambition which led them on.

"Not as the conqueror comes
They, the true-hearted came;
Not with the roll of the stirring drums
And the trumpet that sings of fame.

Not as the flying come
In silence and in fear;
They shook the depths of the forest gloom
With their hymns of lofty cheer.

* * * * *

What sought they thus afar?
Bright jewels of the mine?
The wealth of seas? the spoils of war?
They sought a faith's pure shrine.

Ay, call it holy ground—
The soil where first they trod!
They have left unstained what there they found—
Freedom to worship God."

Then and there were laid the foundations of a community which was destined to act a most important and

distinguished part in the future settlement, growth and triumphs of New Hampshire. Prosperity attended this colony from the beginning. The tomahawk and torch of the savage, by which so many neighboring settlements had been surprised and desolated, came not near its borders. The pestilence which had wasted so many colonies, averted its breath from this. For nearly or quite a half century accessions were almost yearly made to its strength and numbers from the ranks of newly arrived emigrants of like faith and blood. The history of this community, from its inception, was one of uninterrupted growth and success. It proved a fountain from which, as well as into which, streams of emigration flowed. It is estimated that there are now living more than twenty-five thousand persons, some of whom are to be found in almost every town of New England and not a few beyond its borders, who derived their origin from this people. Windham and Londonderry, Vt.; Cherry Valley, N. Y.; Windham, N. H.; Acworth, Chester, Manchester, Bedford, New Boston, Antrim, Peterborough, Francestown, Goffestown, Colerain, Heniker and Deering were first settled, all of them largely, and several of them, including New Boston, almost entirely by emigrants from Londonderry. Of New Boston, it may be said more emphatically than of any other town, she was the child of Londonderry.

Many other settlements received early and important accessions from the same source, and notwithstanding these heavy drafts upon her population, the mother township numbered within her own borders, in 1775, two thousand five hundred and ninety souls.

Having thus briefly traced the history of the colony by whose sturdy sons and sterling daughters our own town was founded and its character and institutions formed, it only remains to be added, that no community within the limits of New Hampshire has exerted a wider or happier

influence in shaping the destinies and advancing the honor of the state than Londonderry.

Throughout the struggle of the revolution no town displayed greater unanimity, constancy and zeal for the patriot cause, or made larger contributions of men and means to secure its success. Thornton, Stark, Reid, Gregg, and McCleary, are of the men she gave to the cause and the country, — names which have shed imperishable lustre upon the annals of the states and abide forever in the gratitude of a free people.

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Let it be remembered that whenever and wherever the pioneers of New England went to open up the forests and cast in their lot, they carried with them, as the grand agencies in the work of settlement and civilization, the Christian church and the common school. These instrumentalities lose none of their importance by change of condition or lapse of time. They are continuing and unalterable necessities. And here and now, as the last sands of a century fall and disappear, and speaking for the first and doubtless for the last time to the people among whom we were reared and for whom affectionate memories have been retained, we pause to declare, as the result of our deepest convictions, that neither yourselves nor those who shall come after you, have any sure promise for the life that now is or the life which is to come, except as you and they shall value and cherish these twin institutions of grace and knowledge left by our fathers in solemn charge.

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The point of interest with us, as with you, has been the early settlers, the events they shaped, the ends at which they aimed, the obstacles overcome and the results they accomplished. To these fathers of the town we owe

a deep debt of gratitude, and it was fitting that we should recognize it in this united and public mannner. They were, indeed, men of no ordinary mould — men, in whom was united that relative measure of faith and works, of purpose and action by which victories, whether of war or peace, are compelled. While profoundly acknowledging a superintending providence to which all human instrumentalities were subordinate, they recognized in the right and resolute use of their own powers, the appointed means for carrying forward the enterprises and securing the purposes of life. With such, success depends upon no other conditions — against such, no fancied lions hold the way — with such, there can be no failure — failure itself is victory. If such were our fathers, our mothers were not less equal to the demands of the situation. These, content with their rugged lot, shared the cares and toils of their husbands, and in the spirit of true female heroism met and overcame the numberless privations and severities which pertained to life in the new settlements. Superior to every trial, and armed for any extremes of fortune, they present in their lives noble models for the imitation of American mothers. Like the virtuous woman of the sacred proverb, whose price is estimated above rubies:

They sought wool and flax, and worked willingly with their hands.

They rose also while it was yet night, and gave meat to their households, and a portion to their maidens.

They laid their hands to the spindle, and their hands held the distaff.

They stretched out their hands to the poor, and reached forth their hands to the needy.

They were not afraid of the snow for their households, "knowing their households were clothed with the scarlet cloth of their weaving."

They made fine linen and sold it. Strength and honor were their clothing.

They opened their mouths with wisdom, and in their tongues was the law of kindness.

They looked well to the ways of their households, and ate not the bread of idleness; and their children, as we do this day, rose up and called them blessed.

Said the settlers in their invitation to Rev. Mr. Moor, "From a very small, in a few years, we are increased to a considerable number, and the wilderness by God's kind influences, in many places amongst us, has become a beautiful field affording us a comfortable maintenance." While this is the language of humble dependence, it is also the language of appropriate congratulation, of conscious success and Christian self-reliance. In scarcely more than a quarter of a century from the time the first clearing was opened to the sun, individuals had united into families, and families into neighborhoods, and neighborhoods into a stable and flourishing community. The triumphs of associated industry and enterprise were visible on every hand, and their extent and rapid achievement attested the qualities of the race from which the fathers and mothers of New Boston sprung. Flocks grazed in abundant pastures, the orchard bloomed in its season, the red clover scented the summer air, fields of yellow grain nodded in the harvest winds, the wren, sweet bird of rural peace, from her perch by the farm house welcomed the dawn with joyous song, and the robin, following the abodes of cultivated life, poured forth her evening carol to the setting sun. With these evidences of prosperity and contentment came the "New England Sabbath," with its calm stillness, its faithful lessons, and sacred solemnities, proclaiming the presence of a devout colony already rejoicing in the more precious institutions of a Christian civilization, and looking for-

ward to a posterity to whom they might safely commit the keeping of their faith and their inheritance.

Did time permit, it would be alike pleasant and instructive to enter upon a brief review of the scenes of toil and activity, as well as some of the more stirring events of local and public interest, which attended the growth and development of this people, but we may not trespass farther upon your generous forbearance.

This centennial occasion, with its pleasures and duties, hastens to a conclusion, and in a few brief hours will be numbered among the events of the past. Soon we shall again separate, and in our allotted places and various callings resume the journey and burdens of life, and while all which we shall accomplish in what remains of mortal activity will be less than a unit in the grand summary of events which shall complete the measure of the coming century, the transactions of to-day, it may be reasonably hoped, will live on and live after us. The history we indite as a tribute of gratitude to the past we leave as an offering to the future. Though the gift be unpretending, it will be eagerly accepted and gratefully cherished by every true son of the soil, whatever fortunes betide him and wherever he may make his later home.

Time, measured by the changes wrought upon us and ours, is remorseless and fleeting. Individuals die and are forgotten, and brevity and mutability are written upon all that is outward and personal in human life. On the world's broad stage, both the scenes and actors are constantly shifting, but upon the great drama the curtain never falls. What, though amid the revolution of the centuries generations come and go, and peace and war follow each other in protracted alternation; what though continents are now calm and now convulsed, and the armies of light and darkness seem to wage uncertain conflict; what though storms assail the noblest fabrics

of social wisdom, and at times comes "the winter of our discontent," in which the greenest leafage of our moral summer may fade and fall—the race, with all its transcendent interests and hopes, untouched in its life and unity, shall remain firm in its destiny, and the cause of truth, working out a full and free civilization, will move steadily onward, however thrones may crumble and empires perish, until the nations of mankind, perfected through discipline and trial, shall pass at length int the tranquil glories of the promised millennium.

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